Vol. 17, No. 27 {The Sheppard Publishing Co., Limited, Props. }

TORONTO, CANADA, MAY 14, 1904.

TERMS: { Single Copies, Sc. }

Whole No. 859

Things Ceneral

THE "Christian Guardian," an exceedingly readable paper for those interested in the progress of the Methodist Church, of which it is the organ, is out strongly advocating an effort to carry Local Option in every little center where there is even a nucleus of Prohibition sentiment. It believes that there are thousands of such places which could believes that there are thousands of such places which could be made "dry" as the result of such an agitation as closed the bars at Toronto Junction. It is also convinced that the vast majority of these places can be kept "dry" and get "drier" and "drier" year by year until the whole province is practically under a prohibitive law. It also advocates an early and fierce attempt to carry Local Option in Toronto, and is cheerful in its prophecies of success. Delightful, isn't it, to see the "Guardian" expressing strong views on this particular evil? for as a rule it is carefully edited so as to offen neither the world nor the flesh, though it has no scruples about abusing the devil, who is supposed to be far away and useless as a subscriber, an advertiser, or a voter in the Conference. Its readers must think that Rum is the only thing useless as a subscriber, an advertiser, or a voter in the Conference. Its readers must think that Rum is the only thing which requires fierce opposition, for to keep the paper lively and make it appear a fearless exponent of Truth, with a big "t," it denounces alcohol and those who deal in it with all its "t," it denounces alcohol and those who deal in it with all its night. In this it probably never oversteps the boundary of what is deserved by the subject in hand, but there are plenty of other things with regard to which its silence brings the rather saddening thought that it is afraid. If it is particularly opposed to the use of stimulants, why does it not denounce the indiscriminate sale and use of patent medicines—the sort of thing it apparently refuses to advertise, its columns being conspicuously free from all such—which are composed of a large proportion of alcohol and a few herbs or drugs which are said to make them taste much like "whisky and bitters"? Crusades are being made by newspapers which make no profession of religion or a craving for prohibition laws, and the "Ladies' Home Journal" of Philadelphia, probably the most widely circulated monthly in the United States. laws, and the "Ladies' Home Journal" of Philadelphia, probably the most widely circulated monthly in the United States, has recently got itself into trouble with a number of the proprietary medicine men by publishing, under the heading "The Patent Medicine Curse," a table which is quoted below, and commenting with great severity upon what it shows:

The Alcohol in "Patent Medicines."—The following percentages of alcohol in the "patent medicines" named are given by the Massachusetts State Board Analyst, in the published document No. 34:

Per cent.

(by volume Lydia Pinkham's Vegetable Compound
Paine's Celery Compound
Dr. Williams's Vegetable Jaundice Bitters Dr. Wilhams's Vegetable Jaundice Bitters
Whiskol, "a non-intoxicating stimulant"
Colden's Liquid Beef Tonic, "recommended for treatment of alcohol habit"
Ayer's Sarsaparilla
Thayer's Compound Extract of Sarsaparilla
Hood's Sarsaparilla
Allen's Sarsaparilla
Bana's Sarsaparilla
Brown's Sarsaparilla Brown's Sarsaparilla Peruna
Vinol, Wine of Cod-Liver Oil
Dr. Peters's Kuriko
Gaster's Physical Extract
Hooker's Wigwam Tonic
Hoofland's German Tonic
Howe's Arabian Tonic, "not a rum drink"
Jackson's Golden Seal Tonic
Mensman's Peptonized Beef Tonic
Review's Tonic "unvely veretable" Parker's Tonic, "purely vegetable"
Schenck's Seaweed Tonic, "entirely harmless"
Baxter's Mandrake Bitters
Boker's Stomach Bitters 42.6 25.2 17.2 Burdock Blood Bitters Greene's Nervura
Hartshorn's Bitters
Hoofland's German Bitters, "entirely vegetable" Hop Bitters
Hostetter's Stomach Bitters
Kaufman's Sulphur Bitters, "contains no alcohol" (as a
matter of fact it contains 20.5 per cent. of alcohol 44. and no sulphur) 47. Warner's Safe Tonic Bitters ...

by any sumptuary law. Sunday observance in many of these localities—not speaking of large cities, of course—is as strict as it is here, though California has no Sunday laws. The immense sale of a number of patent medicines attracted the editor of the Los Angeles "Times," one of the largest, strongest and best managed papers in the United States, which strongly favors total abstinence and the strictest enforcement of law and order. It also has religious editorials, more marked with piety than those of the "Globe" itself. Yet this paper, which publishes an excellent Sunday edition, told the W.C.T.U., overwhelmingly strong in Los Angeles, that its numbers and a large number of so-called total abstainers were taking in patent medicines more alcohol than the moderate drinkers and the unaffiliated citizens who took no part in agitations. The analysis of patent medicines was quoted, the immense amounts sold divided up per capita, and a very bad show-down was made. The article was resented, but the "Times" refused to retract. refused to retract.

bad show-down was made. The article was resented, but the "Times" refused to retract.

Now these "patent" alcoholic stimulants—advertised by all the daily and nearly all of the religious papers—are taken by well-intentioned people who could not be induced to imbibe a spoonful of whisky on any account. The stuff is fed to children born and unborn, directly or indirectly, from a "medicine" bottle from which the perhaps enfeebled mother obtains her "tonic" or the complaining husband gets something to "strengthen his stomach." A taste for this sort of thing is acquired by people who are being misled, but because the proprietary medicine people are large advertisers and so many of the druggists are reputable church-goers, the traffic in stuff, at best a thousand times over-puffed, is considered legitimate and the otherwise godly editors blind themselves to the results arising from that which they assist to sell. I do not believe that the campaign mapped out by the "Guardian" for the enforcing of Local Option, in any except rural districts, would do any good, but I am sure that a little conscientious attention paid to the surreptitious dispensing and consumption of alcohol and other vicious ingredients in the shape of patent medicines would be a pious act and prevent pe of patent medicines would be a pious act and prevent reat many of its readers from acquiring habits which in end may take them to the keg for their make-you-feel-

THE Toronto Railway Company have been detected in the act of shipping to Winnipeg some ears manufactured in its shops here, in the face of its oft-repeated assertion that it cannot possibly make enough new ears to give the service which the City Engineer demands. According to the Company's contention, taken together with the City Engineer's estimate, it will take a couple of years to supply the rolling stock necessary to complete our service, yet, as if to show the utter contempt which the company feels for this

city, new cars are sent West to help out the Winnipeg railway, also controlled by President Mackenzie. Either Toronto's agreement with the company is defective, the laws of the land are specially made to suit corporations, or both, or else Toronto can make these overbearing capitalists sing a very different song. It is bad enough to be forced occasionally to walk, or compelled almost always to hang on to a strap if one obtains the privilege of a ride, but to be spat upon is unendurable. The City Council has instructed City Lawyer Fullerton to bring a suit against the Toronto Railway Company every day that Engineer Rust's timetable is not lived up to. This will mean a suit every day for a year or two, and a special staff will probably have to be appointed to time and count the cars and to observe overcrowding. It does not matter how much it costs if the delinquent company can only be made to sit up. Mr. Fullerton, the city lawyer, is an amiable and able gentleman for whom I enterstain the highest regard, but he seems to lack that sudden and fierce fighting blood with which his Irish ancestors are said to have been endowed. Probably if he were left entirely to himself and not hampered by aldermanic jellyfish he would be able to make a better showing. He already has enough to do, and it would be wise for the city to hire a first-class fighting attorney whose entire time, energy and attention would be given to the bringing up of the Toronto Railway Company with a jerk.

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THE editors of several daily newspapers, in an effort to avoid offending Separate school supporters, and not liking to be caught ignoring so important a question as the one raised by Separate school supporters at Sturgeon Falls and again at St. Catharines, have been writing some very thin and sickly stuff. In the "Star," for instance, we are told "several newspapers that have taken the question up with considerable passion have from first to last ignored the underside the delinquent company with a serial that if there is no bonus being offered there can be no row over apportioning its school taxes. Both of these suggestions are cowardly and indicate that the hierarchy has suggestions are cowardly and indicate that the hierarchy has suggestions are cowardly and indicate that the hierarchy has suggestions are cowardly and indicate that the hierarchy has suggestions are cowardly and indicate that the hierarchy has suggestions are cowardly and indicate that the hierarchy has suggestions are cowardly and indicate that the hierarchy has suggestions are cowardly and indicate that the hierarchy has suggestions are cowardly and indicate that the hierarchy has suggestions are cowardly and indicate that the hierarchy has suggestions are cowardly and indicate that the hierarchy has suggestions are cowardly and indicate that the hierarchy has suggestions are cowardly and

OPPOSITION G.T.P. POLICE

JIGGERS. Running up against it.

lying premises." The "Star" evidently considers that a newspaper vigorously contending for principle must necessarily be in a "passion." The "Star" will never be accused of a passion for anything but circulation and advertising if it is to be judged by its own standard. It is useless to talk about "ignoring underlying premises." What, indeed, are the "underlying premises." What, indeed, are the "underlying premises." (1) Separate schools have no right to exist on taxes collected from the public, thus weakening the Public school system, perpetuating sectarianism and dividing the youth of the community. The public tax-gatherer should not have been are proud of being so "broad-spir-lited" as to endure the evil.

JUDGE ANGLIN made a good start the other day in passing his first sentence since his appointment to the High may look like a pretty long term, but it is not out of proportion to the enormity of the crime. In this case the outrage was of so deliberate, brutal and disgusting a nature that even school system, perpetuating sectarianism and dividing the youth of the community. The public tax-gatherer should know nothing about a man's creed when collecting money to support the schools necessary to the education of the youthful citizen. (2) As the result of a dishwater compromise Separate schools exist in this province as defined by the British North America Act. The legal limitations are there set forth, and when these limitations are overstepped at the instance of the hierarchy an unconstitutional, illegal and corrupting thing is done. (3) Such a transaction was legitimatized by the Legisdone. (3) Such a transaction was legitimatized by the Legis lature, and the advantage obtained has encouraged others to attempt an experiment in the same line and has set the citi-zens of the good town of St. Catharines at loggerheads. These zens of the good town of St. Catharines at loggerheads. These are the "underlying premises," and it is nauseating to see weak-spirited people who find the ecclesiastical elbow banging against their ribs, not only apologizing for not resenting it, but sneering at those who make stern and dignified complaint. The "Star" says, "It is very easy to say that there should be no Separate schools. But they are here." Yes, they are here, because the newspapers and people at the time they were sanctioned by the Legislature had not spirit or foresight enough to prevent their legal establishment.

Separate schools are unconstitutional in the United States and there is less complaint from Roman Catholics there on account of their absence than there is here when there is any public effort made to prevent their extension or to provide for their improvement. The Roman Catholic newspapers of the United States are, indeed, more anti-British than any other papers published in the Union, which goes to show that other papers published in the Union, which goes to show that no matter how much the hierarchy obtains from the governments the more it demands. It also suggests that neither gratifude nor political support is obtained by the governments which treat the Church liberally. The "Michigan Catholic," a paper of the class to which I refer, is shamed by the protests made in Ontario against the incursion of the Sturgeon Falls Separate schools upon the municipal cashbox, and says: "The Catholics have simply been recognized as human beings by the Government." If this is the case the Catholics have never obtained recognition in the United Catholics have never obtained recognition in the United States as human beings. Yet the "Michigan Catholic" loves the United States and its institutions and has little use for that which is British and Canadian, excepting, of course, that which gives the Church an undue advantage. The cry of bigotry is not being continually hurled at the Washington Government, though no Roman Catholic President ever sat in the chair, and I do not remember that one ever was permitted by either of the contending political parties to be a candidate. Apparently the more we yield to the rapacious hierarchy the greater uproar it raises when protests are made

J UDGE ANGLIN made a good start the other day in passing his first sentence since his appointment to the High Court bench. Ten years for criminal assault on a woman may look like a pretty long term, but it is not out of proportion to the enormity of the crime. In this case the outrage was of so deliberate, brutal and disgusting a nature that even a heavier sentence would not have been considered by the public too harsh a punishment. In the United States offences of this nature have for so long escaped adequate punishment by regular process of law that the "extra legal," or lynching, by regular process of law that the cases logar, or yellow that the base and the cover the work neglected by cowardly and profficient judges, till now almost the entire southern part of system has taken over the work neglected by cowardly and inefficient judges, till now almost the entire southern part of the Republic falls periodically into a state of anarchy. Dastardly crimes of this sort can never be done away with by sprinkling the offenders with rose water. A knowledge that unrelenting and swift justice will inevitably overtake the criminal is the only effective warning to those who might be tempted to imitate the Duffy and Whitesides gang. If this outrage had ofeured in the Southern States a second and outrage had occurred in the Southern States more revolting crime would have been committed by an in-furiated mob desirous of administering "justice." It is grati-fying to observe that in Canada neither the crime nor the trial produced any considerable public excitement. The people were content to wait the regular course of justice, assured that it would not fail. So long as the spirit and letter of the law are enforced as they were in this case, Canadians need have little fear of our Code falling into contempt.

HE new Board of Education is a little nervous lest the people of the city forget that it is new, enterprising and businesslike. Its members are making a strong bid and businesslike. Its members are making a strong bid for popularity, and this has a tendency to produce a few busy self-advertisers which the citizens had not bargained for. The Board's Repair Committee started out one day last week to inspect the conditions of sixty-three school-houses. It is presumed that they did this in a satisfactory manner, though a number of unnecessary kicks were made over some trifling items of expenditure for improvements really needed. When the Harbord Collegiate was reached, however, the members gave in to the desire to display a little more fussy authority than good taste called for. A fire-drill exhibition was demanded—quite right in itself, but asked for in a petty spirit. The Principal was instructed to clear the building, and when the pupils took two minutes and five seconds to pack up and the pupils took two minutes and five seconds to pack up and "git" the gentlemen who held the watches expressed their surprise and disappointment at the unnecessary delay, and had the newspapers write up their showing of zeal. The Jarvis the newspapers write up their showing of zeal. The Jarvis Street Institute made a slightly better showing, the building being emptied in one minute and twenty seconds, while Jame-son Avenue approached the standard of the Public schools by vacating in fifty seconds. This being the first attempt at such stunts in Collegiates, the members of the committee thought it unfair to judge of the results in comparison with the Public schools, where a certain time is set apart for the regular practice of the fire-drill. The assumption by the committee of this

against the stretching of a law objectionable to over eighty per cent. of the population. Evidently the relations between the Church and the State should be on the plan of the notice posted in the hotel, "built on the bluff and run in the holler." "In order to prevent the guests from removing fruit from the table, in future there will be no fruit."

Two ways have been suggested for removing the "fruit" from the table so that a sectarian row will not be raised every time a bonus is being voted upon. The one favored, it is said, by the Ross Government, is to abolish the school taxes now insisted upon even from bonused concerns enjoying exemption from all other taxes, though such taxes, while burdensome to the public, are still insufficient. The other one is to suppress the bonusing business altogether, on the ground that if there is no bonus being offered there can be no row over apportioning its school taxes. Both of these high and mighty attitude strikes an unprejudiced observer as decidedly silly. If in an emergency a school can be cleared in two minutes, the chances are that no lives will be lost through fire. If the pupils are able to get out in thirty or fifty seconds, the knowledge of the fact may be gratifying to their trainers, but the general public will regard such feats as show performances only. The fire-drill is doubtless a good thing in Public schools, where there are a great many children too small to know how to look out for themselves in case of serious accident; but in collegiate institutes, if anything in this line is to be taught at all, it should be something more manly and useful than running away in a scientific manner. The average boy attending a collegiate is big enough to take pretty good care of himself under almost any circumstances. His self-respect and courage will certainly not be stimulated by foreing him to show a clean pair of heels at the first sign of danger. Let him be taught what he can do to prevent the flames spreading till the regular firemen arrive, and both the boy and chances of saving the building will be improved. No healthy youngster of fourteen or fifteen desires anything more than an opportunity to show what kind of stuff he is made of, and no boy of such ages who is worth his salt can help feeling humiliated when called on to take part in a pompous farce such as the Repair Committee of the Board of Education directed last Monday, to the great detriment of the real discipline of the school.

Education directed last Monday, to the great detriment of the real discipline of the school.

If cities would get together and display a little uniformity at times, perhaps things could be accomplished in substituting modern methods for those of "away back." Toronto has been kicking and hammering at the railroads for years in an effort to do away with the country style of level crossings in the city, and now Montreal starts to buck the other way. The Montrealers applied to the Railway Commission the other day for permission to extend one of their streets across the Grand Trunk tracks, and to make use of a level crossing. The funny part of the thing is that the railway people opposed the application. Things must have got a bad twist down east to produce such a state of affairs. The city's application is bad enough, but the railway's objection makes one stare. The Grand Trunk offered to spend two or three million dollars in getting rid of the level crossings altogether—and to this proposition Montreal replies by asking permission to increase the number of man-killers. There must be something crooked somewhere. A city that will not let a company spend a few millions on it, either has its head on crooked or it knows a whole lot about railways—and railways that try to force their money into the civic treasury are either very far-sighted or insane. The situation is so unusual and so hard to reconcile with conditions in Toronto that it requires some guessing to find out what stage of development Montreal is at. One thing is certain, however—the dispute down there will be used by the companies here for all it is worth when the campaign for the Yonge street bridge has its annual summer opening. It will take many serious accidents to people going to and from the boats to overcome the moral annual summer opening. It will take many serious accidents to people going to and from the boats to overcome the moral effect of Montreal's defence of ancient methods. Whenever anything drops it always hits Toronto—and this countrified kick from the East is not likely to be an exception.

OCTORS who have a fancy for stringing meaningless letters after their names are to be given a chance to put on some large frills "made in Canada." The Royal put on some large frills "made in Canada." The Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons, given a charter in 1866, but dormant since Queen's Medical College resumed its connection with Queen's, is about to be revived, with Senator Sullivan, M.D., at its head. It is proposed to utilize its examining powers in granting fellowships and the degree of F.R.C.P.S. This degree, we are told, can only be had by candidates who are picked over by hand, writing a thesis after five years' practice. Of course the examination is to be "of a high tendard" and those obtaining the degree will be set apart from the ordinary sawbones and have the privilege of using about a fifth of the alphabet in capital letters after their names. Only one or two degrees have been granted since 1892, and it is preone or two degrees have been granted since 1892, and it is presumed that Canadian doctors are simply waiting for the opening of this reorganized corporation's office to make a rush for fellowships. It is to be feared that the Royal Cadaver is overestimating its attractiveness. The medical men of this country are about as free from freaks and silly vanities as any class of the community, and a degree which does not represent earnest postgraduate studies or original research will not be valued either as an aid to obtaining practice or of value in within a precedible. writing prescriptions.

THOSE who make bitterest complaint when they suffer THOSE who make bitierest complaint when they suffer what they esteem persecution, unless history has made a mess of the facts, have always been most intolerant when they have become powerful, in their dealings with an unpopular minority. A magistrate of Limerick is quoted in a cablegram as saying, "Unless the Jews leave Limerick a serious riot is inevitable." For the past three months a rigorous boycott of the Jews has furnished the Irishmen of that locality with the excitement their systems crave. All excitements must have a climax, and the magistrate quoted expects the riot "will come most probably the next time Father Creagh or some kindred religious enthusiast preaches on the Jewish riot "will come most probably the next time Father Creagn or some kindred religious enthusiast preaches on the Jewish question." It seems there are only about 160 of the Jews, men, women and children, in the city, many of whom have been starved by the boycott into selling their household goods, but many of them, the despatch says, have been in the city for twenty years and are more liable to run the risk of the riot than leave their belongings and take flight. The chief charges against them are usury and high prices for goods sold on the nire system; inducing women to incur debt without their husbands' knowledge, and being relentless creditors. But the despatch says, "The fact that they are Jews seems to be the real sin in the eyes of the Jew-hunting crowd." An incident is quoted of the races which took place recently where a young Jew was permitted to play roulette as long as he lost, but when he made a little money the crowd cried, "Sure he is a Jew! Kick the thing over." And behold! the crowd fell upon the Israelite and put him and his table on the hunch. The more moderate people are asking for the removal of Father Creagh to another city, as he seems to be the head of the Jewbaiters, but even the removal of this popular priest would probably be considered an offence for which the Hebrews should be beaten. The Irish are certainly a stronger to the second of the second of the second of the second of the Hebrews should be beaten. be beaten. The Irish are certainly a strenuous race, but they sometimes seem to have doubts as to whether anybody but themselves has a clear title to "life, liberty and the pursuit

DESPATCH from Victoria, B.C., announces that J. J. Hill and Hearst, the would-be candidate for the Presidency of the United States, are getting ready to launch a yellow journal of the well-known Hearst style in that city. So far Canada has escaped anything quite so badthough we have a few that can give the "American" a pretty good run for its money, when time allowance is made for their size. The object of the Hill-Hearst combination is said their size. The object of the Hill-Hearst combination is said to be the promoting of the railway and steamship interests of Hill, who is anxious to butt in after the business of the North-West before a few more Canadian trans-continentals cover the whole territory. This seems to be an age of millionaire and corporation-owned newspapers. They are created for advertising purposes solely—but for advertising of the most subtle kind. They preach the "rights of the people," "the development of home industries" and all that sort of thing, while boosting the politician or the party most ready to lend himself or itself to their purposes. This kind of graft will be successful only for a time, but during that time it will do great harm. At present Hearst has seven big papers booming him for the Democratic nomination. Their influence is tremendous on a class which a more honest publication can hardly reach—a class which has a great number cation can hardly reach—a class which has a great number cation can hardly reach—a class which has a great number of votes to give to anyone for whom a sloppy sort of enthusiasm can be aroused. If Hearst manages to make a break into Canada it will not be for his health nor for his friendship for Hill—he will bring a bundle of Yankee Presidential-political-ambition schemes along with him big enough to fill an ordinary box-car. Annexation will be his long*suit, and he will start in to play it for all it is worth. Like all men of his class or

As was foretold a fortnight ago in these columns, the ever

a distinctly intellectual and cultured assembly, and the intense stillness which obtained during the recitation of "Enoch Arden" was a proof of the quality not only of the recital but of the audience. Mr. Pigott sang two groups of songs, one at all

audience. Mr. Pigott sang two groups of songs, one at all events being his own setting to those searching lines of Kipling's, "Mother o' Mine," and all most delightful. Mr. Lemare substituted a Chopin waltz of great sweetness and popularity with Chopin lovers for a Mendelssohn piece, and being insistently encored gave a dainty little beauty bit in response. The "Enoch Arden" music was absolutely new to most of the audience, as was the manner of the recital of the sad poem, and at the close of the evening many expressions of pleasure.

audience, as was the manner of the recital of the sad poem, and at the close of the evening many expressions of pleasure and satisfaction were heard, as the audience melted into groups and coteries. So many persons were intimately acquainted that it was almost like a private soirce both before and after the programme. A very few of the party were Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Macklem and their fair young niece, Miss Hodgins of Cloynewood, who has just returned from two years at school abroad; Mrs. Ramsay Wright and Mrs. Gordon, Mr. and Mrs. Humfrey Anger, Mrs. H. C. McLeod and Miss Stairs of Halifax, who is visiting Mrs. Brown at the St. George; Mrs. and Miss O'Hara, Mrs. A. Dickson Patterson, Mrs. Clarence Graff (Mile. Toronta), Mr. and Mrs. Harley Roberts, Miss Denzil, Miss Sara Dallas, Mrs. and Miss Strathy, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Pepler, Mrs. Austin of Spadina, Mrs. and

and Mrs. Arthur Pepler, Mrs. Austin of Spadina, Mrs. and Mrs. Arthur Pepler, Mrs. Austin of Spadina, Mrs. and Miss Blight, Dr. and Mrs. Alton Garratt, Mr. Goulding, Mrs. Cattermole and Miss Wornun, Dr. and Mrs. Fisher, Miss Maisie Tyrrell, Mrs. Sweatman, Miss Norton, Mr. E. Monck, Mrs. Drummond, Miss Davies.

Mrs. Le Grand Reed arrived on the "Patricia" this wee and everyone is on the qui vive to hear her sing. She has always been greatly admired in Toronto, and has, since her last visit two summers ago, had great advantages in musical training abroad.

I hear Miss Margaret Huston is also in town this week. Three such admirable and well-liked singers as Mrs. Graff, Mrs. Le Grand Reed and Miss Huston do not often visit us

Invitations were out on Monday to the marriage of Miss Mary Dunlop Davidson, elder daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel and Mrs. J. I. Davidson, and Captain Harold Child Bickford, second son of the late E. O. Bickford of Gore Vale. The ceremony will take place in St. Andrew's Church, King street, on June 1st at half-past two o'clock, and will be followed by a reception at Lieutenant-Colonel Davidson's residence, 53 St. Convre. extract.

On the same date will occur the marriage of Miss Freda Montizambert and Mr. Reginald Beckett in Christ Church Cathedral, Ottawa. Several Toronto friends are between Scylla and Charybdis with the wish to attend both these interesting events.

Hon. G. W. Ross is enjoying a brief visit from his son, Dr. William Ross, who is walking English hospitals. Dr. Ross ame over on business and returns immediately.

The marriage of Miss Justina Alexandra Harrison, daughter of the late Chief Justice Harrison, and Mr. Hugh Calderwood of Collingwood, only son of Mr. Calderwood of Troon,

Ayrshire, Scotland, took place at Boston last Saturday on the arrival of the bride-elect from abroad, where she has spent most of her time since her mother's sudden decease two years

most of her time since her mother's sudden decease two years ago. The ceremony took place in Trīnity Church, Rev. Dr. Blanchard officiating. The bride has spent much of her life in Toronto, but was educated abroad, where, after the death of the Chief Justice of Ontario, Mrs. Harrison passed many years. Miss Harrison adds to gifts of heart and features a well stored and thoroughly cultured mind and artistic talents of a high order, her china painting having been without a peer in Canada. The best wishes of a large circle of friends and admirers are hers and sincere congratulations to the fortunate winner of her hand. Mr. and Mrs. Calderwood were to spend a little while here, on their way to their home in Collingwood.

The death of Mr. John Crerar in Hamilton is regretted by many Toronto friends, and though not quite unexpected, is none the less deplorable. Mr. Crerar was a charming gentle-man, companionable, fond of sport, and most esteemed by all who knew him. At the Caledon Trouting Club he spent many

happy leisure hours with his clever little daughter, Miss Carrie, who only last week gave of her talents for the enrich-ment of Mrs. Machell's May fete, and to whom her Toronto friends send kindest and affectionate sympathy.

Mrs. Arthur Ritchie (nee Stewart) received at Mrs. Stewart's residence, 54 Collier street, on Monday and Tue day afternoons, and was called upon by scores of friends. The bride of April received in her wedding robe of cream white Liberty satin, and was greeted with much admiration. Mrs. Stewart was in the drawing-room with her daughter, and Mrs. Lane of Belthorp Grange, assisted by Miss Warwick of Sunnisholm, Miss Miller and others, looked after the tea-room. The

holm, Miss Miller and others, looked after the tea-room. The reception was, like anything presided over by these charming women, devoid of all formality, and full of bright, unaffected cordial friendliness. Mrs. Lane seems to grow handsomer with her residence in the good air of Weston, and is the picture of a radiantly contented young matron. Mrs. Stewart and her mother, Mrs. Otter, must miss the merry quartette of young folks who recently scattered from the maternal nest—one to the sea, one to the far North-West, and the two stunning daughter to any intertails.

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the other side of the line, he can't get the idea out of his head that the people of this country are sitting up nights waiting for a liberator to appear and strike off the fetters forged by a tyrannous monarchical power. What a boost it would be for Hearst in another Presidential campaign if he could start an annexation cry on this side of the boundary. There isn't a Jingo in the whole Republic who wouldn't root for him as the Yankee Bismarck. As a Presidential possibility his stock, no good now, would jump two or three hundred per cent. While one is ready to admit he is a shrewd newspaper man, it seems evident that his unsatisfiable ambition is likely to run him into considerable trouble if he imagines that he can size Canadian sentiment from one of Hill's highly-colored dreams. A paper advocating annexation in Canada would last just about as long as its proprietor's money held out. One may print pretty nearly anything in this country without causing much excitement, but it must be mighty palatable stuff before subscribers display any wild desire to part with their surplus wealth. If Mr. Hearst carries out his reported intention he may do both Hill and himself a lot of good—every little puff will help Hill some, and the over-ambitious politician will be able to annex quite a load of valuable experience. the other side of the line, he can't get the idea out of his head

N a shipload of one thousand emigrants who set out for In a shipload of one thousand emigrants who set out for Canada from England the other day, are one hundred hand-picked "carefully selected domestic servants" from Scotland and the North of Ireland. This is the kind of immigrant that Canada chiefly needs at present. We are not very short of women who work, but women who haven't yet got above the rank of "general" are rather rare articles. There is something about our Canadian climate that puts a woman away up in the air as soon as she can pound a typewriter or measure a yard of baby ribbon. The old-time occupations of her sax give her a sort of chill whenever she happens by accident to think of them. A place of business looks important, a position in such a place makes her regard herself as one of the firm, a person of some consequence, a woman of affairs. Domestic employment, on the other hand, is painfully feminine, old-fashioned and servant-like. One in such a position is a mere woman, without contact with the world. Her duties are only those for which nature has equipped her, for which are only those for which nature has equipped her, for which she has a natural aptitude. The difficulties to be overcome in she has a natural aptitude. The difficulties to be overcome in acquiring proficiency have been mastered before—for generations. She has seen potatoes peeled ever since she can remember, she "made" beds long before she left school—and sweeping is a no greater novelty. She wants to do things that she regards as unusual—things for which she has not developed a contempt by association in childhood. She wants to see people—and to be seen. Every woman likes to be observed—and the Canadian young woman has a little more to see people—and to be seen. Every woman likes to be observed—and the Canadian young woman has a little more than her share of this desire to attract attention. In a house one sees no one but the members of the family, in an office or behind a counter scores of new faces every day. The majority of Canadian working girls jump at the chance of working long hours, waiting on all kinds of people in a restaurant, in preference to accepting a far more comfortable position at a better rate in a refined—or at least semi-refined—private family. The imported Irish and Scotch domestics will be all right for a time, but after a few years the fascination of direct contact with the hustling public will prove too much for them. About the only way the "servant girl problem" can be solved is by bringing in a steady supply from the old countries to fill new wants and to replace those who succumb to the business fever which is characteristic of this continent.

F a policeman enters a private house where a sociable game of chance is being played and nabs the whole party, no one need be surprised—the officer will merely be carrying out the letter of the law as contained in an amendment to the Municipal Act passed this year. The other day in the Police Court a man was let off with the nominal fine of a dollar, without costs, for an offence against this amendment, the counsel for the defence undertaking to make a test case of it, that people may know where they are at before getting cut their bridge whist invitations. Such a regulation is so obviously absurd that the magistrate asked for the decision of a higher court before he would start in seriously to hand of a higher court before he would start in seriously to hand out convictions. If a man can't have some say as to what he shall do in his own house, there is likely to be heaps of trouble. Gambling of the worst type is going on every day, under the noses of the authorities, yet it is only once or twice a year that anyone is molested. It is the fellow who makes a living by running a bucket shop or other gambling joint that the law should get after. He is the man who causes the trouble—the parasite who exists only by the gullibility of others. If laws can't be framed to cut out this class without making private residences subject to police ibility of others. If laws can't be framed to cut out this class without making private residences subject to police raids, there is something wrong with the fellow who draws up bills of this kind. Statutes which provide for too much are worse than useless. Their silliness is so evident that they are at once brought into contempt. We have altogether too many measures of this kind in the R.S.O. as it is—laws which start out to obliterate all imperfections and end by being laughed at for their "ridiculous excess."



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A very interesting and sometimes exciting run of the Automobile Club took place on Saturday to Oshawa, where at the "I paid my last two shillings for Queen's Hotel the travelers took tea about six o'clock. At there with a magnificent appetite."

Last Friday, May 6th, occurred the death of a patriarch old Mr. Torrington, in his 94th year. His decease took place at the home of his son, Dr. Torrington, in Pembroke street.

daughters to navigate the depths and shoals of matrimony.

the rendezvous at the Queen's Park some ten cars turned up, and the route, led by the president of the club, Dr. Doolittle, down Simcoe and King to the Don, was fairly maintained, after which the string broke up and went at what speed suited them, foregathering at Oshawa for the evening meal. Mr. H. C. McLeod took Mrs. McLeod, Mrs. Frank Cowan and Miss Annie Michie in his fine new car. He is a canny chauffeur, and brought his fair trie home in good share. canny chauffeur, and brought his fair trio home in good shape

Friends of Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Walker may be interested in hearing that they are to spend some time in Chicago, where the former has opportunities in his profession which promise

The closing programme of the Strolling Players' semi-weekly matinees was given on Saturday, and Mr. Morgan Jellett, who arranged it, was very happy in his assistance. There was a good attendance, mostly of the habitues of the club, and for the summer the matinee concerts will be discon-As was foretold a fortnight ago in these columns, the evening of music and recitation given by Mr. R. S. Pigott and Mr. Edwin Lemare on Tuesday was a unique and charming event. Conservatory Hall was at its prettiest. The huge electroliers on either side of the stage, shrouded with rose color, shed a soft, warm and most becoming glow upon the fine palms, marguerites, and immense hydrangeas which decorated the front and cosy nooks arranged with screens and stands. There was a pedestal with a full flowering Japan lily, and quaint vases of white tulips and roses in profusion. In fact the first glance gave assurance that a master hand and artistic eye had arranged minutest detail. In a bower of tall palms the grand piano (upon which Mr. Lemare was to play, for the only time in Canada appearing as a pianist) stood. The audience found the usual entrance to the hall closed, and were shown to cloak rooms in the Conservatory, thence entering the Hall, and soon filling every available seat, until more and more chairs had to be fetched from other rooms. It was a distinctly intellectual and cultured assembly, and the intense tinued and the introduction fee for guests the same every day

Mrs. Lyons Biggar is visiting Mrs. Hood in Spadina avenu and will doubtless enjoy her Toronto sojourn as much as Mrs Hood did hers in Ottawa last March.

Mrs. Holland of Rosedale said good-by for the summer to her visitors on Monday, and will leave with Mr. Holland very shortly for a summer at Port Darlington, Bowmanville. Miss Holland spends the summer on the West Coast.

The Misses Dupont left on Saturday for the West Coast, where they will spend some months. With them went their wise and clever "Polly," a cherished member of their household, and Polly was either overcome with regret at leaving Toronto or hurt in her dignity by being put into a traveling cage, for she was a very mournful and silent bird indeed on leavestaking day. leavetaking day.

Miss Estelle Holland, whose graceful presence has bright ened all the smart events during her visit with Mrs. Camp bell Reaves, has returned to Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles V. M. Temple have returned from Nassau, where they have been since the New Year. Mrs. Temple derived much benefit from the change and is now visit-ing her sister, Mrs. Vansittart, in Sussex avenue.

Mrs. George McKeough of Chatham and her daughter (who has just returned from school abroad) have been the guests of Mrs. Fred Jarvis of Jarvis street, and returned to Chatham on Thursday. On Monday a few old friends came in at the tea-hour to enjoy a chat with Mrs. McKeough, and say nice things about her bright young daughter.

Mrs. J. K. Kerr's dance at Rathnelly last evening for the coming-out of her eldest daughter, Miss Vivien Kerr, was the only event of importance in the social world this week. A few tiny teas and luncheons, a small dinner for a beautiful visitor and the golf events were all that was doing.

The May garrison parade takes place to morrow afternoon Massey Hall. Dr. Armstrong Black will preach to the soldiers on that occasion.

Mrs. Cattanach is in London for the present. The passage across was one of the best in a hundred, said the captain, and everyone enjoyed it. Mrs. Cattanach may spend the summer on the Continent.

Mrs. Boddy is spending some time at the Welland, St. Catharines. Colonel Otter has also been recuperating there, but is, I hear, determined to take his place at camp as usual. He has had a very narrow escape and his friends are relieved to hear of his satisfactory progress after his serious accident.

Mrs. Michie of Wellington place and Miss Michie are going to British Columbia to visit Dr. and Mrs. Stewart next month.

Mrs. Clarence Graff has spent a week in Toronto and has been greatly welcomed by old friends. She was suddenly called here with her mother on account of the illness of her father, which, though serious, was not as much so as was feared. Mrs. Graff was to have returned to New York yesterday. She is looking very well, and delighted several friends on Wednesday at the Strolling Players' Club with some sweet songs, and also sang on Thursday at a little informal reunion at the King Edward to a few friends of Mrs. James Grace. Mrs. Graff was much pleased with the Pigott-Lemare entertainment, and heartily praised the affair. She is just the same generously appreciative soul as ever, and never omits the kind word for the artist who is devoted to his or her work. On Tuesday evening Mrs. Frank Gray gave a charming dinner of twelve covers in honor of Mrs. Ivan Senkler at the Hunt Club. Mr. and Mrs. Mackenzie Alexander chaperoned the festivity. The other guests were the Misses Mortimer Clark, Miss Florence Blaikie, Miss Gray, Mr. Peacock, Mr. Gordon and Major Michie. Mrs. Senkler leaves for Vancouver to-day.

Miss Vivien McLeod, one of the season's debutantes, leaving to-day with Mrs. Dignam's party to travel abroad.

Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell Macdonald, Major Robertson and Major Michie of the 48th Highlanders spent a Saturday to Monday visit at the Waldorf-Astoria, New York, the guests of the officers of the United States regiment in whose tournament our brawny Kilties took such a telling part. The hosts of the three officers above named gave them a glorious time and the entente cordiale is firmly established. Mrs. Bickford, Mrs. Norton (nee Bickford) and Captain Harold Bickford arrived in New York on Wednesday and came on to Toronto, where they will remain in apartments at the St. George until the wedding of June 1.

Their Little Evenings.

"Ethel," said Mr. Henry Jenkins, solemnly, "the Japanese have taken Feng-Wang-Cheng." Now Mr. Jenkins takes a violent interest in the Jappo-Russo conflict, hanging about the corner of Yonge and Adelaide streets in the afternoon until busy citizens butt into him and say things undreamed of by the teacher of the infant class.

busy citizens butt into him and say things undreamed of by the teacher of the infant class.

"Um-m," commented Mrs. Jenkins, who was wreathing chiffon around a wiry skeleton of a hat and who had hazy ideas concerning the war. "Henry, do you think I'd better put roses at the side or just foliage?"

"Confound the foliage! Ethel, can you as an intelligent woman take no interest in the questions of the day? Did you hear what I said about Feng-Wang-Cheng?"

"Yes, dear; but where is the place? It sounds like a laundry."

dry."

It's—it's away out in the East," said Jenkins, pompously.

"But the East is a big place. Do you mean that it's in

"Ye-es. That is—it's where the Russians have been. shouldn't be surprised if the Japs would bottle up Port Ar

shouldn't be surprised if the Japs would bottle up Port Arthur to-morrow."

"Bottle it! You'd think it was pickles or canned fruit. I do think war is the silliest thing. They don't seem to have the slightest idea of what they're doing. It has made camphor ever so much dearer. I was just telling the druggist last night that it would cost me ever so much more to put away my furs. And I shouldn't be at all surprised if kimonos were to cost more in the autumn. Do you suppose they will, Henry? I want to get a pale blue one with white strips down the front." But Henry was lost in the columns of the Saturday name and refused to rise his seculations to kimonos and refused to rise his seculations to kimonos the saturation. day paper and refused to raise his speculations to kimonos

Last Penny for an Appetite.

Richard Mansfield was not always a successful actor. On his last visit to Chicago he related to a group of friends one

of his early experiences.
"I was in London in the middle of summer," he said. "The theatrical business was particularly dull, and besides it was at a period of my career when managers were not wildly desirous of securing my signature to a contract. In fact, I was in such a state financially that I had but the price of one meal left; after that all was anguished uncertainty. My clothes were none too good, my shoes were worn from much wearing tramping of the streets, and I was dodging my old

clothes were none too good, my shoes were worn from much wearing tramping of the streets, and I was dodging my old acquaintances.

"Suddenly my arm was seized by a flashily-dressed individual whom I recognized as a garrulous friend of better days. He asked me where I was going, and then before I had time to reply, he invited me to drink with him. Before I could decline he was dragging me in the direction of the nearest bar. 'They serve the finest ale in all England at this place,' he said. 'You must try some of it. It will give you a magnificent appetite—a magnificent appetite.'

"Now, I didn't need a better edge on my appetite than I already had, but as my friend followed up his invitation to imbibe with the further invitation to dine with him, I ceased expostulating, and accompanied him to the bar. After the first drink he ordered another. 'You will have a magnificent appetite,' he kept repeating. 'This ale is noted for its qualities as an appetizer.'

"As we finished drinking he felt through his pockets once, then a second time, more hurriedly, after which he turned to me with an apologetic grin. 'Blast the luck, old chap,' he said, 'but I've left me money at home in me other clothes, you know. Just settle for this, will you, and I'll fix it with you when we meet again, you know.'

"I paid my last two shillings for the ale and went out of there with a magnificent appetite."

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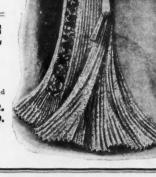
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In addition to various other places of interest which strangers are shown in Toronto is now the new Bank of Nova Scotia, a unique and beautiful dream of a monetary mart. Mr. McLeod expressed his idea of what he thought a bank should be, and Mr. Darling did such things with that idea that it exceeds in realization the general manager's fairest expectations. Drop in and see for yourselves if you don't find it inspiring. Miss Bertha Mackenzie is doing nice

y in Winnipeg, though her accident was more serious than I was led to believe. By the way, I added to the contretemps of her usually happy life by marking that she had broken her mr some years ago, whereas I should ave credited the former fracture to the resister, Miss Ethel.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Polson, who have seen for some months abroad, have returned home.

Mr. and Mrs. Bright of Elgin avenue have gone to Niagara Falls to live. Toronto could have better spared a homelier couple, and everyone will greatly miss handsome "Billy" and his lovely wife.

I hear that Mrs. Eade Chadwick has also been the victim of a horseback accident. Miss Chadwick of Lanmar has gone to St. Thomas to be with her

The King's Platers are being watched and discussed in more than the betting circles. Many a fair dame who loves the graceful racehorse has already picked her favorite. Will Dame Fortune take a new flight, or will she give her hand again to the tan and green?

Dr. and Mrs. Murray have left their residence in Laburnum avenue, Park-dale, and are, I hear, to take a suite at the King Edward later on. They are roing to St. Catharines

Mrs. George Plunkett Magann is going to England shortly. Her two young sons are doing very well at the Oratory, Edgebaston, a beautiful suburb of Birmingham.

Captain Stuart Wilkie is spending some time in St. John, N.B., in charge of a department of the School of In-struction there. He has received pro-motion since his visit to Toronto.

I hear that the blithesome ex-Torontonian Captain Fred Lister of Fredericton is house-hunting, which suggests that his marriage to the young Scotch lady, Miss Watson, a recent guest and, I think, also a relative of the Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick, will take place before many moons. Their engagement was announced some time ago.

The Ottawa session still continues, full of interest and likely to last. Mrs. Osler of Craigleigh and her niece went down to join Mr. Osler the other day.

Mr. Geoffrey O'Hara has been in Mr. Geoffrey O'Hara has been in Dundas this week, taking part in Mr. Steele's presentation of "Tolanthe." for which all the seats were sold for three nights some time in advance. Mr. O'Hara is likely to make good his choice of music in preference to finance as his life-work, for he is doing well, and, from what I hear, likely to do better. Mrs. O'Hara is spending next week in Chatham in connection with the sale of Llydican, the ramily residence.

Captain Arthur T. Kirkpatrick and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, who have been at Lakewood for the past three weeks, are expected home to-day.

A correspondent writes: "Ye maydes of ye goode olde towne of Grand Valley recently entertained their friends at a leap year party. Chatfield's Hall was prettily decorated for the occasion with flags and bunting, while palms and flowers added much to the artistic effect. Cards were indulged in until eleven o'clock, when a dainty supper was served, and dancing to lively and up-to-date music was indulged in. The costumes were unusually smart and becoming, black being the favorite shade. Major Preston and Mr. Smart were most distinguished looking, and bore themselves with finest courtesy, like true knights of old. Mr. Watson was the pink of perfection. Mr. Stark and Mr. Buchanan danced most gracefully and with old-time zest. Mr. Ed McIntyre hadn't one left' five minutes after he came. Mr. Craig wore 'three' most becoming collars. Dr. Perkins, Mr. Reid and the Messrs. Reith were much sought for partners. Mr. Taylor looked very distinguished in black, with touches of white. Mr. Austin Richardson wore a dark costume, with garniture of violets. Mr. C. J. Ready of Brampton came especially for the dance, and was gaily attired in an livory satin embi-odered waistooat, and was unanimously voted 'the belle' of the ball. Mr. Will McIntyre was a much-admired blonde. Mr. Frank Smiley's bright smile wrought much havoc, and all were delighted to see the genial face of Mr. Alex Cotton. Much credit is due to the energetic committee who managed the dance and to their painstaking secretary-treasurer.

Mrs. Gibson gave a charming tea for Mrs. Smith of Quebec (who is visiting her son, Mr. C. Carrington Smith) on Friday afternoon of last week, and Mrs. Dawson gave an equally pleasant one on Wednesday of this week.

Among recently registered guests at the Welland are Lady Howland, Miss

Among recently registered guests at the Welland are Lady Howland, Miss Bethune, Mr. F. S. and Mrs. Baker, Mr. S. M. Gray, Mrs. R. H. Gray, Mrs. J. M. Lister, Miss M. O'Hara, Mrs. James Walker, Miss Walker, Mrs. C. J. Marani, Miss Ross, Mrs. J. A. Proctor, Mr. J. E. Proctor, Mrs. R. W. McClain, Miss Reynolds, Miss Bland, Mr. and Mrs. J. Fraser Macdonald, Miss E. Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton of London, Mrs. and Mrs. Hamilton of London, Mrs. and Miss Bird of Belleville, Mrs. MacVicar of Sarnia, Mrs. Morris of Collingwood, Mrs. Graham, Mrs. (Judge) Graham of Milton, Mrs. H. C. Baker, Mr. George Bellhouse of Hamilton.

The annual athletic meeting of Upper Canada College will be held on Friday, May 20, at half-past two o'clock. Mrs. Mortimer Clark has kindly consented to present the prizes.

Chevalier J. Enoch Thompson is in Havana, Cuba, where ideal climatic conditions now prevail.

Mrs. John W. Plummer of Barrie, with whom Mrs. Calderwood (nee Har-rison) has spent the winter abroad, has sent announcements of the marriage of

her friend to Toronto friends. Mrs. Calderwood will receive in Collingwood after the fifteenth of next month.

The Principal of Upper Canada College and Mrs. Auden will give an At Home after the sports on May 20, from to 6 o'clock, to which they have sent out invitations this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank D. Manchee have returned from a sojourn of three months in the West Indies and Demer-

Miss Edith Greene, only daughter of Mr. Columbus Greene, succeeded in giving her friends a genuine surprise last week by the news of her marriage to Mr. Stephen Yarwood, who has been for some years a resident of Mexico. Only her relatives knew of the quiet ceremony, which took place in St. Alban's Cathedral on May 4, Rev. Canon MacNab officiating. Miss Greene, who was given away by her father, was married in her traveling dress, and left with her husband from the house of Mrs. Harry Greene, her sister-inlaw, for St. Louis, immediately after the marriage. Miss Edith Taylor was the bride's attendant and Mr. George Greene was best man. Mr. Yarwood was a Chippawa man, but has prospered famously in Mexico. On dit that he was long ago an admirer of Miss Greene, and many good wishes go with the couple to Mexico, where they will make their home.

make their home.

Last Thursday's reception at Government House brought out a great many callers, and the cordial welcome and pleasant attention received made all glad to be there. There were several interesting visitors in Toronto among the many callers, and they carry away with them the happlest impression of gubernatorial hospitality. Apropos, is there to be any festivity to mark Victoria Day this year? The King has announced two birthday celebrations, "on his own," June 24, and his proper "fete," November 9th, It was said his Majesty intended to appropriate his revered mother's anniversary for his own celebration. But that seems at present a mistake. Therefore, we still hold May 24 sacred to the wonderful little woman who saw it dawn over fourscore times.

Bishop Colton of Buffalo officiated at the reception of two sisters of mercy at the chapel at St. Joseph's Convent, Batavia, on May 2, assisted by the Rev. Fathers Blakeney and Graham of Batavia and Rev. Fathers McMahon and Ryan of Buffalo and Father Preiser of Syracuse — Miss Norah Flannery, youngest daughter of Mr. F. C. Flannery, youngest daughter of Mr. F. C. Flannery, the Brock avenue, Toronto, Ont., who will be known in religion as Sister Mary Anselm, and Miss Veronica Sabietki of Syracuse, known in religion as Sister Mary Cresentia. The former will visit her parental home next week.

Modern medicinal science has agreed that natural remedial agents are most efficacious when properly applied. The "St. Catharines Well" is, one of Nature's boons to tired humanity. At "The Welland" will be found an ideal resort for the tired brain worker, or the sufferer from the ills of life. Sun parlors, roof promenade and beautiful surroundings. Before going south to expensive resorts secure a booklet from expensive resorts secure a booklet from "The Welland," St. Catharines, or G. T. Bell, general passenger agent of Grand Trunk Railway, Montreal, Que.

Man Called "A Zero."

A Chicago paper tells of the direful things said about man at a meeting of the Catholic Woman's National League. If the members of the Catholic Wo-man's National League had taken their

man's National League had taken their husbands to the annual banquet held in the Drill Hall of the Masonic Temple, some of the more sensitive of the men might have hurled themselves to the pavement seventeen stories below. Genevieve Cooney—who prefixes "Miss" to her name, and consequently must have spoken from observation only—expanded upon the theme "The Club Woman's Husband" with the glee of a caricaturist.

Miss Cooney began with a conservative "He isn't such a joke after all, and should be treated with the utmost consideration," but after that one sentence, she gave no mercy. Two huntered

consideration," but after that one sentence, she gave no mercy. Two hundred and thirty women, most of them with a husband at home, made up an audience before which Miss Cooney used the stiletto.
"Very little is known of this mysterious Him," said Miss Cooney, "except that he is Mrs. So and So's husband. He is a quiet, domestic thing, without any bad habits—a sort of household pet. At times he displays an intelligence that is almost human, just like the family dog. Of him it might well be said, parodying the words of the poet Gray:

'Full many a man is born to blush un seen, And waste his sweetness in a modern flat.'

"He is a zero in the domestic prob-lem. His identity was surrendered at the altar, only a fragment of it being saved so that he may still possess the virtue of signing checks. "Shall I enumerate his modest vir-tues? He can sew buttons on his clothes while his life-partner is saving the children of the masses; he can keep house while she is away attending the national convention, and minister

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If you need Malt Ex-tract and want the best,

insist upon getting "O'Keefe's."

W. LLOYD WOOD, Wholesale Druggist, General Agent. TORONTO

...Prescriptions

ANDREW JEFFREY, Yonge and Carleton Streets

Wedding **Announcement**

is sent out to the bride's many friends and acquaintances when it is to be a very quiet wed-

The Announcement is mailed the day of the wedding, or immedi-

May we send to you samples and prices? State probable quantity re-

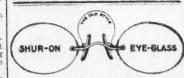
> Bain Book and Stationery Co., 96 Yonge St., Toronto

Brilliancy Durability Symmetry

Our Diamonds combine the purity of water with the flash of fire. They are exceedingly hard and yet cut into forms of goodly proportion. We are as near to the mines as any dealer can get and are quite confident that for quality and fairness of price we are unsurpassed, perhaps not equalled.

Wanless & Co.

168 Yonge St., Toronto



We Will Remove To 6 RICHMOND ST. EAST, Confederation Life Bldg., on May 16th, 1904.

Larger Premises. More Central Location. Better Facilities.

The Culverhouse Optical Co.

72 Yonge St., Toronto. Phone M. 4556

to all the needs of the baby; he can listen patiently to stories of club doings, told by his wife, although he might be dying to read the newspaper: and, best of all, he is perfectly satisfied with his lot. I have even known some of the species to wait for their wives outside the club-room doors, after a long day's work, and escort them home to the supperless abode."

But the husband was not without a champion during the banquet. Mrs. David O'Shea, responding to the toast. "Our Husbands." indulged in eulogy instead of satire, closing with the words:

words:
"May his arms be always our de-'ence, and our arms his recompense."

Polite to the Ladies.

Hungry Hawkins—Do yer mean ter say yer got a square meal out o' dat sour woman?
Diplomatic Mike—Sure!
Hungry Hawkins—Well, yer a wonder. How'd yer do it?
Diplomatic Mike—When she opened the door I sez: "Iz yer mother at home, miss?"—Philadelphia "Press."

THISTLE BRAND Canned Fish

Kippered Herring

Finnan Haddies

Herring and Tomato

Are the best that are packed. Every package guaranteed.

NOTICE

A DROP IN THE PRICE OF

Imported Perfumes

For a short time we are going to sell our Imported Perfumes at a reduced price. Now is your chance. Come and see our stock.

Huyler's Chocolates, etc., fresh every week.

W. H. Lee King Edward Drug Store

Old and young will feel the benefit in improved digestion, better health and vigor, by

Cowan's

Perfection Cocoa

(Maple Leaf Label)

The COWAN COMPANY, Limited,



Wedding Cakes

and artistic decoration. They are shipped by express to all parts of the Dominion. Safe arrival guaranteed. CATALOGUE FREE

The Harry Webb Co.

447 Yonge St., Toronto

GIFTS

Save from 10 to 15 per cent. JAMES D. BAILEY 75 YONGE, COR. KING

> A RING BY MAIL

matters not how costly the hoice, it can be as satisfactorily urchased of us by mail as if ou were here in person. Our Handscme Illustrated Cata-logue mailed free on request— contains every desirable style and shows how simple our mail order system is, and with what safety out-of-town jewelry buying can be

we serve thousands of patrons annually with strictly high-grade riags of every description from a child's "first birthday" ring up to the more expensive and extravagant kind where diamonds predominate.

B. & H. B. KENT 144 YONGE ST.

Stationery

A carefully selected stock in all the leading shapes and sizes. Special attention given to embossing and card printing.

MISS E. PORTER Phone-Main 2004. 47 KING ST. WEST

Tissue Builder

Marvelous in effect for banishing wrinkles, lines and crowsfeet and giving to the skin youthful smoothness and firmness Can be used without fear of procucing superfluous hair, and is certain, safe and lasting. \$1.00 a bottle, post-paid.

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PLEASING **POMPADOURS**

Of the many styles of dressing the hair there is one which is universally popular and lends itself to almost any face. The highest perfection has been reached in **Dorenwend's Pompadours**.

Attention given to all enquiries at our store, or if out of town write for our circular on Ladies' Hair Goods.

The Dorenwend co. 03 and 105 Yenge St.

PEMBER'S

Pompadours are perfection, that there is no gain-

Pompadous

Bang

most universal becoming style of wearing the hair brought fourth by Dame Fashion in many years. Ladies who are fortunate in possessing an exceptionally tuxuriant head of hair may dress it in this style without additional aid, but to many a POMPADOUR

POMPADOUR

Bang is necessary owing to thinness of the hair, and other things. The Pompadours upon exhibition at The Pember Store are made as light as swan's down, are absolutely non-detectable when worn, match the natural hair perfectly, and are made from the very high-

hair, which we import PERFECTION

Is the key note in every-thing pertaining to our hair goods, and we would be pleased to show to any lady who is interested, the many points of superiority embodied in all our crea-tions. Call at the store whenever convenient. Private Parlors.

The Pember Store The Corset Specialty Co.



112 Yonge St. Toronto. 1st Floor over Singer Office. Manufacturers of Corsets and Health Waists made to fit the figure by expert designers. Light weight with strong, pliable bon-

Hose supporters attached. Imported Corsets always in stock. Repairing and refitting of any make of corsets neatly done. Reliable agents wanted.

A. STACKHOUSE

MANICURING and CHIROPODY
For ladies, gentlemen and children. Corns, busine ingrowing nails and all foot troubles successful treated. Telephone for appointments Main 1884. 166 King St. West (Opposite Princess Theater)

When lovely woman stoops to folly
And finds, forsooth, that men are
good.
Her soul is filled with melancholy
At such a proper attitude.
—The "Saint."



A correspondent wishes to know whether it is obligatory to answer a wedding invitation. It is the height of rudeness not to do so. Whether one accepts or declines, the decision should be in the hands of the inviter in as short a time as possible after the recept of the invitation. The only invitation which is not answered is that to the five o'clock tea. R. S. V. P. is never put on a properly gotten up wedding invitation.

News comes this week from Mrs. Somerville of Atherley, from Venice. Mr. Somerville is much better, Master Jack quite well, and Mrs. Somerville has enjoyed visiting Naples, Rome, Florence, Nice, Cannes and Milan.

The engagement of Dr. F. N. G. Starr of 112 College street and Miss Annie Callander Mackay, daughter of Mr. Forrest Mackay of New Glasgow, N. S., was announced a few days since.

S., was announced a few days since.

The Strolling Players' studio looked most inviting on Wednesday afternoon, when some twenty-five members took tea. There was no musical programme, but there were no dull moments, either. Among those who enjoyed the always excellent tea and "tartine" were Mrs. Graff (Mile. Toronta), Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn, Mrs. J. Enoch Thompson, Mrs. Spragge, Miss Gertrude Thompson, Miss Spragge, Miss Gertrude Thompson, Miss Spragge, Miss Kirkpatrick of Closeburn, Miss Yarker, Miss Lamport, Miss Vivien McLeod, Miss and Mr. Sultivan, Mr. George Sweeny, Mr. Sears, Mr. Wedd, Captain Armstrong, Miss Wornum, Miss Seymour, Miss Adams, Miss Daisy Boulton, Mrs. Graham, Mr. Conrad, Mr. Cecil Johns, Mrs. J. D. A. Tripp and Mr. Pote. On Thursday Mrs. Graff lunched at the club with Mrs. Harley Roberts.

Mrs. Drechsler Adamson and her family are settled for the summer on the Island.

Mrs. George Duncan Lamont (nee Martin of Chatham) held her post-nup-tial receptions on Thursday and Friday of last week, assisted by her sister, Miss Edna Martin, of Chatham.

Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Macklem are going abroad this summer. Mr. Cuthbert Beckett and Mr. Douglas Beckett will be in Ottawa the end of the month for the marriage of their brother and Miss Freda Montizambert on June 1. The bride and groom will go to England and spend some time with Mrs. Beckett (mere), who will not come out for the wedding.

Convocation Day at Varsity will be June 10, and a rich treat is promised in convocation week in the return visit of the Ben Greet company, with talented Miss Edith Wynne Mattheson at their head, who are to repeat the charming pastoral plays (which were given last year on Varsity lawn) on Wednesday and Thursday, June 8 and 9. "As You Like It,". "Midsummer Night's Dream," "Twelfth Night" and "Much Ado About Nothing" are the matinee and evening performances in their order.

Yesterday afternoon Mrs. Pellatt gave a small tea in honor of Miss Low, who, with her father, General Sir Robert Cunliffe Low, G.C.B., a soldier of long and active service, is traveling in America. Sir Robert and Miss Low went over to the Falls on Tuesday for a day or two. I believe they are connections of our former G.O.C., the genial Irishman, General O'Grady-Haly, and Mrs. O'Grady-Haly.

A visit to the Graphic Arts Club rooms at 37 Melinda street will well re-pay any lover of clever and artistic work. The exhibition is open every day and evening this week until ten o'clock.

o'clock.

Mrs. James Hughes left for Chicago this week. Mr., Mrs. and Miss Hughes were well-pleased listeners to Mr. Lemare and Mr. Pigott on Tuesday night, as were also Rev. Canon Cayley, Rev. Father Davenport, Rev. Carey Ward, Mrs. and Miss Janes, Mr. and Mrs. Fraser Lefroy, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Cox, Mrs. and Miss Hoskin, Dr. and Mrs. Tyrrell, Mrs. and Miss Durie, Mrs. Boehme, Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Andrews, Mr. Frank Strathy, Mr. and Mrs. Tripp and Miss Chaplin, Mr. Justice Osler, Dr. Scadding and Mr. and Mrs. Murray Alexander. During the recital and songs the Conservatory Hall was only lighted by the soft-shaded electrollers on the stage, and a few Moorish lamps, the effect being pleasant and grateful to the audience.

The passing of Senator Dever in Ottawa will remind many of us of the silver-haired and gallant little Irishman who had ever a ready compliment for any fair lady, and to whom every woman seemed deserving of his prettiest speeches. Very old, very young-hearted was Senator Dever, and a type of the old stock now seemingly about run out.

Mr. and Mrs. Hunter and Miss Kate Alma have gone to Lake for the summer.

Miss Gibson of Beamsville, daughter of Senator Gibson, is visiting Mrs. Darling of Ravensmount.

Invitations were issued last week to the marriage of Miss Mary Edith Smith, daughter of Mr. Henry Smith of 223 Huron street, and Mr. W. E. Lincoln Hunter, a successful young barrister of Toronto. The ceremony takes place in the Church of the Redeemer at two o'clock on June 1, and will be followed by a reception at the home of the bride's parents.

A very smart evening was arranged by some of the leading spirits of L'Alliance Francaise last Saturday, for which invitations of a very striking character were sent out. Le chat noir, arched for conflict, prowled on a bit of ridge-pole above the tiles. The evening's entertaining programme included descriptive talks on the famous "Chat Noir" of Paris and other hostelries, songs by members of the club and other interesting numbers. The wagaries of automobiling prevented me from enloying this reunion, to ed me from enjoying this reunion, to which I had long been looking forward.

Mrs. Maude of Rideau Cottage, Ottawa, spent a few days in town, the guest of Mrs. H. C. Osborne, on her

way from London to Ottawa, Mr. Beardmore of Chudleigh gave a dinner for Mrs. Maude on Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Murray, Captain and Mrs. Parkyn Murray and Miss Murray left last week for a visit to Atlantic City.

Mr. and Mrs. Isidore Hellmuth of Lawton Park will spend the summer in England.

England.

Early on Wednesday morning Mr.
David Breckenridge Read, K.C., exMayor of Toronto (1858) and patron
and active participant in all manly
sports of his time, passed away, after
some months of invalidism, at the age
of 80. Mr. Read has studied, practised, spoken and written the best wisdom of the age, and his genial, loyal
and whole-souled manhood leaves its
standard for lesser men to aim at. His
son, the clever barrister, Mr. Walter
Read, and his daughter, Miss Ada
Read, live at the family home in Breadalbane street. Mrs. Fred Wade, wife of
a prominent Westerner, is another
daughter. Mrs. Read predeceased her
husband by some years.

Mrs. Hugh Fleming (nee Gormally)

Mrs. Hugh Fleming (nee Gormally) s visiting Mrs. Gwyn Francis, in Cres-ent road.

Mr. Justice Teetzel and Mrs. Teetze Mr. Justice Teetzel and Mrs. Teetzel are in Ottawa. After June 15 they will occupy their suite in the Alexandra, Queen's Avenue. Judge and Mrs. Wallace Nesbitt have been very anxious about their little son, Wallace Rankin, whom they brought to Toronto hurriedly for treatment one day lust week. I hear the little chap is now happly much better.

Last Saturday the fourth meet of the hounds for this season took place in Rosedale, and a number of huntsmen and a couple of ladies, the Misses Janes and Arnoldi, were in the saddle, while a dozen or more of the fair sex watched the meet and the flashing of the pink as the hounds led the hunt through the spring country for an excellent run. spring country for an excellent run.

On Thursday a few friends gathered on Mrs. Grace's invitation at the King Edward to meet Mrs. Clarence Graff, who sang charmingly for the little company. Mr. Lissant Beardmore also sang a couple of very sweet selections.

A little son and heir arrived to Mr. and Mrs. Alan Sullivan on Monday,

Mrs. Harry Gamble of Elm avenue gave a small and very pleasant tea for Miss Sims on Tuesday.

Miss Edith Mason will hold her second annual recital in the Conservatory Music Hall on Tuesday evening, May 17. The recital is under the distinguished patronage of his Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Mortimer Clark and party will attend the recital. Miss Mason will be assisted by Miss Margaret George and others.

Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Hudson have gone to Winnipeg for a month. Mr. Gordon Lee has gone to the North-West with a surveying party. Mr. Reginald Hagarty is also with the C. N.R. surveying party.

Invitations were out on Thursday to the marriage of Miss Florence Ethelwyn Marshall, daughter of Mr. William N. Marshall, and Mr. John Henry Moss, son of the late Chief Justice Moss. The ceremony takes place in St. Thomas' Church on Monday, May 23, at half-past two o'clock, and will be followed by a reception at 42 St. George street, the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Morang, who have long been the bride-elect's very intimate friends.

The St. Louis Exposition begins to be a possible interest, and advance reports say that it will be well worth a visit. Intending visitors should make a note of the fact that warm weather clothing will be de rigueur, and an early visit true wisdom. I met a party of English tourists en route for the Exposition this week, who had fur coats and stout, heavy shoes and very warm traveling suits in active commission. They had come on from three inches of snow at the Sault, and no doubt will find variety of climate enough to suit the most exacting before they return to dear old England.

Mr. Walter Maughan, a popular railway man, was married on Thursday to Miss Gertrude Rymal of Sherbourne street. Previous to the marriage Mr. Maughan was presented with several handsome pieces of furniture in costly woods by his confreres and others in the C.P.R. service.

The death of Miss Elizabeth A. Mc-Micking at her residence in Washington avenue took place on Wednesday morning, and her remains were interred at Chippawa, the service being conducted at St. Augustine's Church

Those who remember with admiration and esteem the handsome ex-Bishop of Nova Scotia, Dr. Courtney, will regret that he has left Canada. Dr. Courtney is now in New York. His son. Captain Courtney, recently married at Nice a New York girl, Miss Elsie Davis. Before his appointment to the see of Nova Scotia I think Dr. Courtney was one of Chicago's most influential and esteemed rectors.

The June brides are practically all numbered and already the September ones are coming to the fore. Miss Gladys Buchanan and Mr. Norman Seagram will, I hear, be wedded in September, and Miss May Jarvis and Mr. Wallace Helliwell will also be an autumn bride and groom. There are others not a few, and 1904 will be a record year for the marriages of well-known folk.

Miss Mary Miles is going shortly to risit friends in Montreal, "where the treasure is," etc. Miss Eva Miles is going to New York.

Mrs. Graham, who has been a popular member of the Strolling Players' Club, and occasionally pleases them with a sweet song, is going for a visit to Buffalo, but will return later on.

The serious illness of Mrs. Laurie Boyd (nee Jarvis) has given her friends much care and anxiety. She is yet a sufferer, but is improving. In the meantime her fine little two months' old daughter is doing exceedingly well.

honorary president; Mr. Frank E. Blachford, president; Miss Edna Robinson, vice-president; Miss Josephine Plaskett, treasurer; Mr. R. C. Blackburn, secretary. The club will meet on Wednesday evenings at 124 Bedford road. oad.

Mr. J. W. Morrice, whose picture, "Le All, J. W. MOFFICE, Whose picture, "Le Quais des Grands Augustins," in the Paris Salon, has been purchased by the French Government, is a son of Mr. David Morrice of Montreal and a brother of Mr. Arthur Morrice of Toronto. He was educated at the University of Toronto, where he graduated B.A. in 1886.

On Wednesday afternoon, May 11th, Miss Alma Alberta James, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Silas James, was married to Mr. George Vail, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Vail of Chatsworth, Ontario. The Rev. T. Bradley Hyde, pastor of the Northern Congregational Church, performed the ceremony. The bride wore a pretty dress of bisque voile. Her cousin, Miss-Huckins, was bridesmald, and the groomsman was the bride's brother, Mr. D. D. James. Owing to the illness of the bride's mother, the wedding was a quiet one, and after the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Vail left for a two weeks' trip.

The marriage of Mrs. Frank Clifford Sutton (nee Routhier) of Quebec and Major Stanton, Royal Welsh Fusiliers, will take place to-day. I hear the bride and groom will be here for the Baces

Miss Hingston, daughter of Sir Wil-liam and Lady Ffingston of Montreal, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Macdonald at 575 Jarvis street.

Miss May Graham of Barrie is visit-ing her sister, Mrs. George W. Parsons, of 43 Howland avenue.

A lady writes asking me to recommend a useful traveling companion, and another asks for the name of anyone needing such a person. If No. 1 will send an address I shall be happy to put her in communication with a companion of the sort she requires.

Miss Jessie McNab gave a most de-lightful musical on Saturday evening at her studio in Major street.

On Thursday the private car went up to Winnipeg for Miss Bertha Mac-kenzie, who will return to Toronto as soon as she is able to travel. Her in-Juries were most severe and painful, including a bad scalp wound from her horse's hoof and a dislocated and frac-tured arm. lured arm.

Mrs. Osler did not leave for Ottawa his week, but will go later on to the Capital.

Mr. Soper of Ottawa is in town this

At the annual meeting of the members of the National Club, held on Wednesday evening, the following officers were elected by acclamation to serve during the current year: President, Mr. Noel G. L. Marshall; first vice-president, Mr. W. J. Douglas; second vice-president, Mr. W. K. George; directors, Messrs, A. A. Allan, Frank Arnoldi, S. G. Curry, R. A. Donald, George C. Gale, George T. Irving, W. C. Matthews, W. K. McNaught, H. A. Richardson, Frank Rolph, sr., A. F. Rutter, and William Stone. Mr. R. F. Lord is secretary-treasurer.

Miss Kerr of Rathnally was a debutante in whose honor what was probably the last dance of the season occurred at mid-week. Senator and Mrs. Kerr received over a hundred young folks, and a very few intimate friends of the older contingent, but it was quite a young people's dance. The hostess wore a very beautiful white gown, touched with gold, and the debutante was in the regulation white, a lacelike frock veiling soft satin. The spacious home on the hill was at its best for the debut of the eldest daughter, which, it is whispered, will be followed early next season by that of her next sister, a most attractive "not-out." From room to room the happy guests danced and wandered, and though the night was too chilly for what might have been reasonably expected in midday, a starlit promenade, there were any number of cosy tete-a-tete corners for the dancers within doors. The young folks are unanimous in their expression of pleasure in reminiscence of this Miss Kerr of Rathnally was a debufolks are unanimous in their expres-sion of pleasure in reminiscence of this very delightful evening.

Dr. and Mrs. Ross of 43 Huntley street are at 198 Lake front, Center Island, for the summer. They have rented their house, 43 Huntley street, to Mr. S. Gundy for the season.

Mrs. Hardisty has gone to Edmonton to her son, Mr. Percy Hardisty. Mr. Beryl Stewart is also there.

Mrs. Derwyn Owen (nee Jellett) held her post-nuptial receptions on Wednesday and Thursday afternoons, looking very nice in her pretty white crepedress, and assisted by her three sisters. Miss Harriett Cassels and Miss Temple had charge of the teatable, which was sweetly done wifh clouds of tulle and white lilies.

On Tuesday at Troon, Scotland, Rhona Adair defeated Miss Higgins of Chicago in the ladies' championship match.

Those who remember with admiration and esteem the handsome exhibitory of the passing of Senator Dever in Ottourney is now in New York. His is an actual verbatim copy of part of a letter from a little boy at school to his mother in Toronto; "Dear to a letter from a little boy at school to his mother in Toronto; "Dear to a letter from a little boy at school to his mother in Toronto; "Dear to a letter from a little boy at school to his mother in Toronto; "Dear to a letter from a little boy at school to his mother in Toronto; "Dear to a letter from a little boy at school to his mother in Toronto; "Dear to a letter from a little boy at school to his mother in Toronto; "Dear to a letter from a little boy at school to his mother in Toronto; "Dear to a letter from a little boy at school to his mother in Toronto; "Dear to a letter from a little boy at school to his mother in Toronto; "Dear to a letter from a little boy at school to his mother in Toronto; "Dear to a letter from a little boy at school to his mother in Toronto; "Dear to a letter from a little boy at school to his mother in Toronto; "Dear to a letter from a little boy at school to his mother in Toronto; "Dear to a letter from a little boy at school to his mother.— I have not much to say; it is wery hot in — just now; the birds are laying eags all over too. Mrs.— I hink it would do you a lot of good, because it is an excellent sport for law in the lating in th muscular exercise, even if you are above the general age." The rest of the letter is even funnier, but relates to incore private matters. However, the young man evidently has a future, eh?

Kept the Iron From Freezing.

When the thermometer dropped far below zero last December good Mrs. Rogers was much disturbed at the recollection that Huldah, the new kitchen maid, slept in an unheated room. "Huldah," she said, remembering the good old custom of her own girlhood, "it's going to be pretty cold to-night. I think you had better take a flat-iron to bed with you."

think you had better take a flat-iron to bed with you."
"Yes, ma'am." said Huldah, in mild and expressionless assent.
Mrs. Rogers slept soundly and free from care, secure in the belief that the maid was comfortable. In the morning she again visited the kitchen.
"Well, Huldah," she asked, "how did you get along with the flat-iron?"
Huldah breathed a deep sigh of recollection.

"Vell, ma'am," she said, "I got it most varm before morning."—"Youth's Companion."

On Thursday evening of last week Miss Hugel was sufficiently recovered from her illness to take her part in Mrs. Grayson Smith's play at the May fete, which she did most artistically.

The opening meeting of the "Uno Sixteen" Tennis Club was held on Wednesday evening, May 11th, at 53 Elm avenue. The following officers were elected: Mrs. T. W. Robinson,

Early Shoppers Enderse Early Closing. Store Closes Daily at

T. EATON CO.

190 YONGE ST., TORONTO

Remember the Church Parade. See Our Millinery.

Newness in the Cloak and Suit Section

▼O need of platitudes concerning style and variety and much-forthe-money and all-around satisfaction to those who know the large Cloak and Suit Section of this most satisfactory store. A few suggestions as to new motifs and modes:

Come and look at our WOMEN'S CRAVENETTE RAYNSHYNE COATS. This one, a three quarter length, is made of best quality covert coating. It has tight back and military front, with deep shoulder capes; trimmed with small buttons, may be worn with or without belt. Colors bronze, oxford and fawn. The correct garment for everyday and outing wear. \$12.00



The picture gives an idea of one of our Women's Suits of open weave basket cloth. Eton coat style, finished with shoulder cape and girdle belt, trimmed with narrow straps. It has pipings of taffeta, and small buttons. The skirt is unlined and has side pleats, with a modish panel effect. The colors are grey, blue and black. Sizes 32 to 42 bust.... \$17.50

OUR SPECIAL \$10.00 COAT.—This handsome garment is unequaled in value for the price. In style and finish it is most up to date. It is made of good-quality tan covert cloth, so much sought after by stylish dress ers this season, and it is trimmed with stitching and

OUR SPECIAL \$13.50 COAT.—The coat with the French front has come into prominence this season. It has the advantage of looking just as stylish and keeping its shape as well open as closed. It is made of good quality tan covert coating, neatly trimmed with narrow strapping and small buttons. It is lined throughout with taffeta silk. With these graces, little indeed is the price of \$13.50



SUIT, made of tancy tweed in light and dark colors, has flat collar and cuffs of broadcloth, trimmed with fancy braid and buttons, and lined with best quality

Visit the Cloak and Suit Section's New Display Room, on the Second Floor.

The illustration of the lady with the parasol calls attention to a very handsome FRENCH ORGANDIE DRESS, trimmed with fine Valenciennes insertion. It has a bertha edged with lace. The skirt is trimmed with insertion, and has graduated flounce finished with tucks; drop lining with narrow lace-edged frill. The waist is fastened at the side. The belt \$13.50



The June Bride; This is HER Store!

June, "dear June," as Lowell calls it, is very near. June, the month of roses, of the clear air and the blue heaven. June, the month pre-eminent of bridals and of brides. The June bride is not only the queen of June, but largely enters into the thoughts of May. She and her friends are already deeply considering needs of the wedding, the honeymoon, the new life. We have had the June bride in our constant thought for months past, and our London and Paris buying offices, our widely-distributed corps of buyers, have anticipated the many needs of the new wife and her devoted friends. A few suggestions of many we may make, as this is emphatically HER store, both before and after marriage.

LINENS FOR THE BRIDE

No household requirement so easily deceptive as linens—even to the most experienced house-wife. Is that fine gloss, that vellum-like consistency, due to the strength and fineness of the fabric, or is it due to **starch**, and consequently will the clo be "poor as a rag" after the first washing? It is not, it will not, if it is bought here. The EATON reputation, and the EATON guarantee, are the

bride's security in linens, as in any other requirement. Our linens are the productions of the best Irish, Scotch, German and French makers; the patterns are all carefully selected, many of them being confined to this store. We buy only from reliable makers, you need have no doubt in buying your linen for the future home here.

Full Bleached Satin Damask Table Linen, grass-bleached. A large range of patterns to make your selec-tion from. Guaranteed all linen, 72 isobas wide par yard 72 inches wide per vard......
.....58e, 65e, 75e, 85e, \$1.50

Bleached Linen Table Cloths, finished complete, with borders all around. New and exclusive patterns—large and small designs in various sizes, at from ... \$1 50 to \$18 00 each. Satin Damask Table

A large range of Fine Huck and Damask Towels, as-Fine English Satin Bed

Spreads, the very latest designs. These are spreads that will launder and wear well. Sheetings, Pillow-Cases, forters, Blankets, Fancy Linea



Trousseau Lingerie A Set for Her

Set No. 8. - Skirt, fine sheer linen lawn, French band, with handsome extra deep umbrella flounce; finished at top with fine wide Swiss beading and silk ribbon, finished with dainty bows and knots, cluster of narrow tucks, box plaits, wide Valenciennes insertions, lace; underfrill trimmed with narrow tucks and lace; dust ruffle. Gown, Drawer and Corset-Cover to match Skirt. Four pieces complete, \$36 a set.

Another Set for Her

Set No. 5. - Gown, fine quality nainsook, dainty slipover style, round neck, finished with lace, beading and silk ribbon; front, one row lace insertion, beading and ribbon, round frill of sheer lawn finished with narrow tucks and lace ruffle, elbow sleeves trimmed to match. Skirt, Drawer and Corset-Cover to match gown. Four pieces complete, \$11.50.

Still Other Sets for Her

There are many other sets on display in our French Room, elaborately trimmed with embroidery and lace, and made of fine nainsooks, lawns, cambrics, silks or fine cotton, at from \$5.25 to \$85 a set. SECOND FLCOR.

A Game of Ball.

HOT June day. A be-rib-boned and fluttering grand-stand. A flogeting mass of humanity blocked up at an angle of forty-five degrees past first and third. A cleancut diamond nestling at the feet of the throng, and the blare of an approaching band doing "Coon! Coon! Coon!"

approaching band doing "Coon! Coon! Coon!"

Here and there nervous hands creep to vestpockets and watches are glanced at. Men pop up at intervals and strip off a coat or vest, fold it up and sit down again. Outside the gates a writhing anaconda batters the sweltering ticket men with eager length.

Across the field a tall figure hurries, carrying a coat across his arm. He has the key to the carriage gate and is in a hurry. He drops the coat, hesitates, then hastens on, leaving it where it fell.

it fell.
"Pick up that coat!" The stern command rings out in clarion tones. Up in the grandstand a portly man puts his two hands to his mouth and repeats

"Come back with that coat!"
It is tragically humorous—the grandstand murmurs, breaks into a shout
and the bleachers how!. A thousand
eyes scan the netting in search of the

wag.

A stream of carriages are now winding through the open gate, filing down to place in lower left. The man walks back and picks up the coat.

"I thought you wanted that coat!" says the man. Another roar, quickly smothered by a furious attack on "Dem Goo-Goo Eyes" by the band.

Suddenly a 'bus swings up at the far end of the bleachers and a crew of athletic fellows in gray scramble out and scurry up to the bench. A well-dressed gentleman, following in their wake, waves his hand and says:—"Ginger up, boys!"

wake, waves his hand and says:—
"Glnger up, boys!"
Off come the sweaters, there is a preliminary hitching of belts and the men
sprinkle out over the cosy little diamond like spiders.
"Crack!" A broad-shouldered fellow
at the plate hits the ball far out into
the field. Away out, deep in center, a
gray figure runs swiftly, holding up
a hand to ward off the sun, stops and
catches the sphere with the trained
ease of a skilled mason laying a brick
in a wall. A second 'bus whirls up
and stops. Men clamor out of it and
come into view from behind the bleachers.

rs.
The tension lets go somewhere, up in the stand it starts, ripples, explodes, and thundering cheers swell out on the air, causing the gray fellows in the field to pause momentarily at their

air, causing the gray fellows in the field to pause momentarily at their play.

Twelve colored men—negroes—proclaiming their innate love of color by the brilliant red of their coats and the dazzling white of their trousers.

They delve into a sack and produce a half-dozen balls, which they pass back and forth nimbly, swiftly, accurately.

"Thud! Thud! Thud!" The balls pound into the yawning mitts at the ends of dusk forearms. The gray fellows are forgotten—all eyes center on the unique spectacle close at hand.

The negro's nature is jovial—he is given to jokes and antics. Skilled ball-players though they are, the dark fellows delight in amusing the crowd. Their waggery is as entertaining as their tremendous confidence is disheartening to an opposing team. There is no ball team on the face of the earth possessing the calm saucy insouciance of this dusky band. Ahead or behind, uphill or down—their faces wear the same broad smile that unnerves the arm of many a pitcher to his undoing, particularly if he is acquainted with their forte of "batting it out in the ninth."

Presently the gray players straggle in and the dark ones scamper out. A short, stocky negro approaches the plate with a bat.

"There's the mascot!" yells the wag.

The stocky batsman's face turns to the plate with a bat.

"The stocky batsman's face turns to the plate with a bat.

The stocky batsman's face turns to the plate with a bat.

The stocky batsman's face turns to the plate with a bat.

The stocky batsman's face turns to the plate with a bat.

wag.
The stocky batsman's face turns to-The stocky batsman's face turns toward the speaker and his white teeth show in an expressive smile. He knows the man is guessing, and the fact that he is the most formidable negro-pitcher known to-day may account in some measure for the little chuckles that he contents himself with.

Three o'clock approaches and a tall man steps briskly out toward the center of the diamond. He holds two square red objects in his hand. He looks at his watch, speaks a word to the negro standing by, hands him a ball and steps back a pace.

"Play ball!"

During the few seconds in which a gray batsman takes his position at the plate the great crowd becomes stilled. The batter strikes the plate with his bat and works one leg up and down expectantly.

The pitcher turns and surveys the

bat and works one leg up and down expectantly.

The pitcher turns and surveys the batter critically. He takes his time, twisting the white ball between his hands and seeming to shake himself for the coming struggle. Suddenly his arm flashes around—a misty streak appears momentarily in the air, followed by the plunk of a ball in the exact hollow of a mitt.

The game is on—white pluck pitted against negro luck, they say.

Again the pitcher uncolls and the ball shoots in.

shoots in.
"Crack!" The batsman is running like a deer toward first. Away out in left a white-clothed figure runs swiftly with upturned face. On-on-then a long leap and a hand shoved quickly

long leap and a hand shoved quickly up.

"Yea! Yea-a-a! Hi! Yea!" The grandstand signifies its hearty approval of the feat.

Another man comes up to bat and the long pitcher is once more twisting the ball in his hands. He wears the same smile, but he grips the sphere a trifle tighter, for he knows he is pitching to the pick of a dozen speedy teams.

The second man swings at the first ball pitched and fouls it against the netting.

"That's one on you, son!" says the

netting.
"That's one on you, son!" says the catcher. The next ball—a straight one—cuts the plate at the center. The batsman glances up with a sheepish grin. grin. "Two strikes!"

something unlooked for—rarely seen. The ball flashes toward the plate. "Crack!" Watch 'em scurry! What? Caught? How did he reach it? Up to first—down to second—all three? Triple-play, eh? Listen to that roar! The dusky base-runners hang their heads and are guyed by their comrades. The crowd surges and heaves, humming continuously—it was a great play, and the second-baseman, who did it, feels properly joyed.

Five innings filt by, and but fifteen white batters have faced the dusky pitcher. The gray players, while not so successful, have kept the negroes from the plate. Three more innings go by—then comes the ninth—something is generally done at this stage of the game. And it is—the white men score one.

It is a pretty play, too. A white batsman secures a clean base hit, the second to be marked up against the awkward-looking pitcher, and goes to second on a neat sacrifice. A nasty bounder to pitcher, unhandled, gives him third. Here, with every nerve on stretch, his colleague at bat hits a mighty sky-scraper to center.

Midst pandemonium he holds the base till the ball starts but a fraction of a second later—the noise is deafening—the pitcher gets out of the way—the catcher reaches forward with both hands pleadingly—everybody stands up and yells.

A long slide—down goes the catcher's arm—a dusky figure gets up and looks questionably toward the umpire.

"Safe! Safe by miles! Out! He's out!" yells the stand.

The umpire lifts his hand and the people sit down slowly.

"That man is safe!"

The negro catcher pounds the sphere into his mitt and glares belligerently at the umpire. Then he smiles, tosses the ball at the pitcher and resumes his crouching attitude.

The tall pitcher makes short work of the next man, retiring him on strikes. The next man fouls out.

Last half of the ninth—now comes the tug of war. The first batter for the negroes is the left-fielder. He appears careless and saunters up jauntily to the plate. The noise from the bleachers annoys the umpire. He insists on quiet and looks at his watch suggestiv

his black eyes watch unblinkingly the arm of the man twenty steps away. Will he do it? Is he capable? Can he hit? The queries picture themselves on a hundred faces.

The ball speeds through—a dini thread reaching to the catcher's hand. "Ball one!"

Again the arm sweeps round—the catcher holds the sphere momentarily to catch the decision.

"Ball two!"

What is the matter with the pitcher? He rubs the ball between his hands and looks around at his alert comrades.

The third time it shoots in-wide.

"Lay it over, old man!" says the catcher, He holds both hands flat waist-high behind the plate as a guide. Plunk comes the ball like a bullet. "Strike-a-one!"

Plunk comes the ball like a bullet.

"Strlke-a-one!"

"Yea-a! Hi! Hit that!" shouts a leather-lunged fan.

"Strlke two!"

From the grandstand a yell, dying quickly as the pitcher gets the ball from the catcher.

"That's pitching, Bill," calls the catcher. Pitcher and batter are keyed to the highest tension—they regard each other closely. Up near first a coach crouches on the side line, silently waiting the result, his hand nervously pulling the grass.

Suddenly the pitcher's arm comes round like a catapult—all eyes switch to the batter, who takes a quick step forward and swings mightily.

"Crack!" Up springs the shortstop, but he lacks just six inches. He drops to see a scurrying form round first and speed toward second. A moment and a plunge for the bag amid a cloud of duet.

"How is it, Mr. Umpire?"

"Safe at second!"

"How is it, Mr. Umpire?"

"How is it, Mr. Umpire?"

"Safe at second!"

"Yea! H!! Yea-a! Whoo! Yip! Yea!"

The grandstand is a kaleidoscope of motion—the bleachers a moving pandemonium. Along the third base line negroes do an extravagant cake-walk. The runner at second sits on the bag and fans himself with his cap—supremely happy.

The pitcher hurries to the box, desirous of quelling the demonstration. Officers crowd back the surging mob of shrieking bheacherites, who have taken up positions along the side lines.

Tick goes a high foul straight up to the zenith—the catcher tears off his mask and steadies himself to gauge the ball—he runs toward the netting—will it hit the roof? Plunk!

"You're out!"

"Up on youah toes, coon!" yells a dusky coacher.

A third batsman is up—a little fellow.

"Crack!" The very first ball pitched

ow.
"Crack!" The very first ball pitched -see him go!
"Out at first—safe at third!" calls the umpire.
"Good sacrifice, Ahthuh!" says the

Two men out, last half of ninth, man

"You men out, last hair of minth, man on third, score one to nothing.
"Come on, Bill!" says the catcher. pounding his mitt.
"Ball one—wide!" The umpire betrays interest in the game—the grandstand leans forward breathlessly.
"Ball two!"

stand leans forward breathlessly.

"Ball two!"

The runner at third takes desperate chances—he is held back by his coacher by main strength.

"Crack!" What—a daisy cutter?

How easy! A regular walk! Man over by first shoves a dollar into the runner's hand—the score's one and one.

"Yow! Yow! Yow!" goes the grandstand. In the midst of it the pitcher whirls and throws to first—a neat, spappy play.

in the box with his gaiety. A deadly silence settles down over the field. The pitcher rolls the ball in his palm.

Three times he uncoils his long body—three times the sphere lands untouched in the catcher's giove—and the figure in gray, the smile vanished—walks moodily back to the bench and sits down. Another takes his place and does better, fouling the ball twice in succession—the first missed it wholly.

"Two strikes!"
"Only takes one, boss!" says a man at the bench. Swish—the ball flits across from pitcher to catcher like an electric

pitcher to catcher like an electric spark.

"Batter out!" There is something about the grandstand that is indescribable—perhaps it is the noise.

A third batter enters the fatal box. The situation is so tense that people unconsciously shrug their shoulders. Will the pitcher maintain that speed and control? Wait and see.

The pitcher pauses and looks around—he is studying the chances—he knows the batter may be put out in one of several ways, but shall he let down in his pitching? No, he steps into the box to put his heart into every ball sent across the plate.

Whizz it comes—knee-high across the

box to put his heart into every ball sent across the plate.

Whizz it comes—knee-high across the inside corner.

"Strike one!"

A high inshoot comes after, at which the batter vainly strikes.

"Two strikes!"

Zip—a lightning-like raise ball across the exact center.

"Out!"

Again the noise cannot be described. Ten minutes are required to clear the diamond of bleacherites. Over by the bench the dusky pitcher receives the congratulations of a crowding mass of humanity—he bites his lip and shakes their hands mechanically.

"Batter up!"

The game is on again and the noise at the bench subsides.

Bing! Just a little rainbow over the second baseman's head and the batter canters to first.

batter canters to first.

Bing! The next man sends a liner straight into shortstop's hands. It is

Bing! The next man sends a liner straight into shortstop's hands. It is caught and thrown to first, but the runner gets back.

"Runner safe!"

The negro pitcher comes up to the plate, wrapped in a sweater.

"Take it off! Take it off!" yells the crowd. He smiles, steps back, peels off the garment and steps to place again. Back swings the formidable arm and the ball lines toward the mark.

"Crack!" The peculiar sound brings every man to his feet—they behold two figures circling the bases—away out in left the ball appears speeding in like a bullet. The pitcher eyes it—then springs forward, catches it, and turns to throw home. But he sees a dejected catcher standing alone in a cloud of dust, while the triumphant base-runner walks proudly to the bench, where he is swallowed up by his comrades.

Up at third a very tired and very pleased colored man is regaining his breath. A moment's hesitation ensues—then an avalanch descends from the grandstand with a mighty roar—the bleachers empty as of one accord and the field swarms suddenly with howling, shrieking men.

and the field swarms suddenly with howling, shrieking men.

A plank ripped from the bleachers is hastily brought—brawny hands place the negro upon it and he is lifted high in the air. A casual passerby might have recognized in the scene a lynching bee, but no thought of it entered the minds of that yelling mob. They were paying tribute to a dusky athlete, whose exhibition of coolness and carability was well worth their homage.

age.
And so they win—as they always do—by what men call luck. Over at one side the band broke loose on "All Coons Look Alike to Me"—"Beber mian."

Illustrated Song.



A Charge to Keep I Have,-"Life." At Home in Japan

As Viewed By a Twenty Years' Resi-

As Viewed By a Twenty Years' Resident.

If you want to know what people really are you should see them at home, said a gentleman who had spent twenty years of his life in the country of the Mikado; and, judged by that test, I am quite sure there are no more delightful people on earth than the Japanese. To live among them and to know them intimately is to love them; you simply can't help yourself, for whatever prejudices you may take with you to Japan they are sure all to melt away before you have been there a month.

The keynote of the Japanese character is its simplicity and childlikeness. You cannot walk through a village street without seeing grown-up and even middle-aged people playing ball or flying kites, with all the unfeigned enjoyment of schoolboys. They live in glorified doils' houses, their furniture and their table equipments are like so many pretty toys, and life generally is just a delightful bit of make-believe.

You won't be logg in Japan before you will be made a welcome guest in more than one household. Really there are no such polite and hospitable people anywhere. If you are walking through a village you are almost sure to receive a most courteous invitation from someone or other to step indoors and drink a cup of tea with your unknown host. He will conduct you to the veranda, a tray with tea and sweetmeats will be brought, and your host will entertain you with bright conversation at long as you please, and

stand. In the midst of it the pitcher while sand throws to first—a neat, stand, a tray with tea and throws to first—a neat, stand, a tray with tea and the dusky catcher says:—

"Sit down, brothah—youah out!"
The third man comes up, batters the plate viciously, and bunts the ball weakly in front of the plate. He is caught miles from first by the nimble catcher. The grandstand explodes and the gray fellows filter out through the ranks of the incoming blacks.

The white pitcher is a sturdy fellow—he looks smiling and confident. Someone admonishes him to "brace up and look the world in the face." He grins and pulls down his cap a triffe.

Round comes his arm—thump—the batter is hit. What? Old tricks? Go away—take your base, certainly! Hear that grandstand!

Next man tries to sacrifice—short-stop fails to get the wicked bounce and there are two on bases. Pitcher stands swinging his arms—looking worried. Umpire says, "Play ball," impatiently. Then something occurs—the plate and seems to mock the man the plate and seems to mock the man the plate and throws to first the pitcher—a neat, stray with tea and sevetmeats will be brought, and your bost will entertain you with bright the veranda, a tray with tea and sevetmeats will be brought, and your bost will entertain you with bright to conversation as long as you please, and alt the time give you the impression of innings takes place. In the eleventh a gray fellow is cut off at the plate amid thunders of a the plate amid thunders of at the plate and the worth in right the works a beautiful dowble. The plate amid thunders of a the plate amid thun

THE TRIUMPH OF THE YEARS

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ing. liquid, made from rice, and calculated to make you feel buoyant in a very short time. The different courses I have enumerated all serve the purpose of leading up to the crowning dish of the feast—rice, which is the most important feature of every Japanese menu. And when the rice stage is reached, farewell to the sake, for you must not think of drinking now.

The rice, snow-white, and most seductively cooked, is served by a dainty handmaiden kneeling at a tub, and iff you wish to please your hostess you must take at least three or four helpings of it. You will eat your rice from a pretty porcelain or lacquered-wood bowl, which you will raise to the level of your lips while you lade the rice into your mouth as best you can, with a pair of ivory or silver chopsticks. When you have fared sufficiently well you will be expected to drink at least one cup of tea—not the beverage you know in England, but a straw-colored infusion of green tea taken without milk or sugar; in fact, so weak is the tea that you can scarcely call it an infusion. However, it is very palatable

eourtesy to strangers, the same delightful childlikeness, and the same simple, well-ordered, frugal lives.—"Tit-Bits."

A new odorless automobile fuel, which is said to be of 80 per cent. greater energy than gasoline, will be placed on the market in a short time, under the name of energine, says the Cleveland "Plain Dealer." They hope to bring about the solution of the problem of obtaining a high power fuel without any objectionable odor. The new company is about to erect a factory in Cleveland, in which it will refine from the crude petroleum a product to be known as energine. This has already been tested by a number duct to be known as energine. This has already been tested by a number has already been tested by a minimum of automobile manufacturers, and, it is said, was found to bear out to the fullest extent the claim of the originators as an odoriess fuel. It is claimed that one gallon of this new fuel will carry a heavy touring car 18 miles, while the same quantity of gasoline will carry the same car only 10 miles.

fresh-colored person who thanked him for his services, and went out into a by-way that led to the roar and bustle of the Strand.

"It must feel rather queer," Marshall reflected, biting the end of his pen as the footsteps died away, "to be wearing the best clothes London can build for you, and still to be just a pauper—and a peculiarly discreditable kind of pauper, too, if you come to that."

Bobby, at the same moment, was making a similar reflection, almost as impersonally. He was slowly adjusting himself to the situation. It was not easy to realize that, with the doubtful exception of a few shillings retained for emergencies, and his personal effects, he possessed nothing that he might call his own. He turned into the Strand; and the publicity of the event flaunted itself before him on a newsboy's placard.

"Trial of Braithwaite—Closing Scenes—Exemplary Sentence," said the sheet, flapping in the dusty March wind.

He paused, fascinated, and two men stepped eagerly between him and the boy and bought papers. They were odiscussing the case, and Bobby moved out of earshot.

stepped eagerly between him and the boy and bought papers. They were discussing the case, and Bobby moved out of earshot.

It is not given to every man to know the shameful truth concerning his own father. This only son had heard it dragged out in court for nearly a week, and had seen an unabashed countenance uplifted to it. It did not seem as bad in staring headlines as it to had been in reality. Nothing could mitigate it: there were no extenuating lecircumstances. He had never loved his father, who had gone his own way—the way now given to the world—without seeking affection or respect from him. It was not for Bobby's sake that it had been done; it was not for anybody's sake; it had been deliberate, crafty fraud, practised when half the ingenuity exercised upon it would have made Braithwaite the elder an honestly prosperous solicitor.

"They said he stole pennies and things at school," Bobby mused, walking in the afternoon stream towards Charing Cross, and reviewing, with an awful clear-seeing, the unclean record that had been unrolled. "It was ingenious of the defence to try and make out that there was a moral kink amounting to insanity. But there was not: the is as sane as I am; he just preferred going crooked to going straight. It was a sane as I am; he just preferred going crooked to going straight. It was a habit—a passion, I suppose, in the end—or he would not have plundered the clients quite so recklessly. I swish I could think he never meant to do it. Unfortunately, that is impossible. . . It was a crushing sentence; but, heaven help him! he deserved it."

He crossed the road in front of the station and came out beside St. Mar-

rence; but, neaven help him: he deserved it."

He crossed the road in front of the station and came out beside St. Martin's. Three months ago he had been a fledgling barrister, jubilant at being taken as devil by a successful junior; it was characteristic of the elder Braithwaite that he had paid his fees with a worthless cheque on the morning of the final exposure. There were Harrow and Cambridge behind—there were less pleasant things before; certainly there would be no legal career for Bobby.

tainly there would be no legal career for Bobby.

He drifted past the National Gallery, and past the recruiting sergeants, who were swimming majestically among smaller fry. The solution they offered was too obvious, and it did not fit in with the resolution that made it possible for him to hold up his head. He had a shipping company's pamphlet in his pocket-book. They were not as cheering to a penniless independent as they might have been. Nevertheless, he worked desperately round and round his prospects of raising money for a fresh start; he had excellent muscles and pluck, and a cheerfully industrious spirit; he did not believe he could fall if he were but able to put a foot upon the ladder.

He had floated upon the tide of his thoughts to Pall Mall East, when he heard his name called, and a little elerly man pounced upon him from the rear.

Bobby recognized an acquaintance, a

derly man pounced upon him from the rear.

Bobby recognized an acquaintance, a diner at his father's table, and wondered what he wanted with him. It took him a few moments to place the man, and then it was by means of remembering his daughter. This was Southworth, professor of — Bobby did not recollect his speciality, but he understood he wrote dry books—and father of Val Southworth, who was a pretty brown-eyed girl, and a nice girl, and a beautiful dancer. They lived in Kensington. Yes, he knew the professor now, but he did not know why he should accost him, as he did, with hasty feet, and an eagerness that made him short of breath.

Southworth neered up at him, drag-

sonal sentiment aroused by its existence in the circle of one's acquaintance."

Bobby's astonishment at this strange address submerged his rising anger. He shook his arm free, however, and tried to turn upon his heel. He had been born with an obsolete respect for age and learning, and it had survived recent shocks; but here it presumed upon his deference. He lifted his hat, and the professor fluttered after him protesting.

"I have hurt you! I ignored your point of view. I—I beg your pardon." He was full of apologies, and he backed Bobby to Hampton's windows, and buttonholed him against a background of brass bedsteads. "My deepest condolence is yours, and Valentine's with it, and our joint admiration for the courageous way in which you have borne a very painful misfortune."

This was, perhaps, not exactly what he should have said; though it must be admitted that even a diplomatist, if he had been plumped into the professor's morass, would have found extrication no easy matter. But Bobby was a simple person, and the mention of Valentine, who had been so pleasant in the past, had a steadying effect. He remained passive under coercion, and the professor's sentences rolled swiftly out of him.

It was nice of Val Southworth to

past, had a steadying effect. He remained passive under coercion, and the professor's sentences rolled swiftly out of him.

It was nice of Val Southworth to think kindly of him, because—Bobby started—he had been horribly discourteous to her. It was rapidly coming back to him—it was back, in the full measure of its enormity. A month before, in the midst of all the fever and apprehension, at the outset of the attempt to stem the flood of retribution, she had written to him, and he had not answered her. He had forgotten. It had been a letter of spontaneous, generous sympathy, the note of a warm-hearted young woman to a man in trouble. Dark things had rushed in and covered it; it had been hurried away, with so many other agreeable trifles, upon the flowing tide. And yet it was not a trifle; it was a healing touch, put forward at an hour when people were far more ready to condemn than to console. Kind Val Southworth, the girl with the brown eyes, who danced so well! She and Bobby had always been good friends when they met. What did she think of him? It almost looked as if she understood.

He came back to Southworth, and drew the meaning of his words together. What? He became attentive to them. Southworth ran out of breath, and Bobby was able to reply.

"Take up work as your secretary, professor? I? Oh—" Surely Val was somewhere behind the scenes, heaping up coals of fire. "It is very kind of you to offer me the post—very kind. Yes, of course it is, sir; I mean it. It is unexpected; I never looked for such a thing. My hesitation is—London is hardly the place for me. It might be disagreeable for Va—for you and your daughter. People are such beasts. I thought of going abroad somewhere—Canada, Australia—the clean slate, you know."

"It is a temporary thing," the professor said. He held Bobby, peering nervously at him through short-sighted eyes, exhibiting, indeed, an anxiety that would have sat aptly upon the your they would have sat aptly upon the your thing."

Bobby thought so, of course. He

Southworth peered up at him, drag-ging upon a black cord for his pince-

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Bobby Braithceaite

RAITHWAITE picked up his hat and gloves. His large, well-groomed figure blocked the entrance of a pale day light to the lawyer's ugly little room. Marshall waste, "His activation to the control of the switched on the electric light, being anxious to see how a man dino Bobby's arm, pressed flim and into Bobby's arm, pressed flim the cling head coming to his shoulder fresh-colored person who thanked on the cling head coming to his shoulder the cling head coming to his shoulder between the cling head coming to his shoulder there were aspects of it not put for word—not made the most of." If you come to that." How what I believe, Bobby at the same moment, was making a similar reflected, biting the end of his pen as the footsteps died away, "to be wearing the best clothes London can build for you, and still to be just a papperand a peculiarly discreditable kind of pauper, too, if you come to that."

Bobby, at the same moment, was making a similar reflection, almost as impersonally. He was slowly adjusting himself to the situation. The complete of th Bobby, sore from a three months' buffeting, warmed to her; by the time they had finished the tea between them he felt that he had come home, which was probably what she had intended him to feel. They sat over the fire in the low, old-fashioned room, with its bow-window looking down upon the bustle of a main road's traffic, and again Braithwaite adjusted himself to the changes that were making sport with him. For one thing, he had not seen Val Southworth in her own place before; for the first time she was independent of her attractions as a dance-partner, a dinner companion, the picturesque appanage of a river party. She was what such desirable persons are not always understood to be in less stimulating situations; she was absolutely genuine and reposeful, and she studied him with frank, kindly eyes, and kept her pity carefully tucked away behind them.

He looked at the clock at last, and stood up.

"Mr. Southworth wants me at halfpast five," he said. "It is good to have some work to look forward to. I have to thank you for that, and this time I shall not forget it."

She shook her head, a little surprise in her face. "I had nothing to do with it," she said. "I am glad—heartily glad; but until this morning I did not know—" She checked herself in the act of saying that his intention of engaging a secretary had been unknown to her until its fulfilment. There was an obvious reason for it; though it puzzled her that it should have struck the abstracted professor, deep in his indifference to interests outside his study walls. "You will be the very man for father," she said. "He loses himself," he wants someone to put his working life in order. I ams oglad he asked you to come," she repeated.

Bobby went away to the study, musing upon her candid disclaimer. He

working life in order. I am so glad he asked you to come," she repeated. Bobby went away to the study, musing upon her candid disclaimer. He smelt benevolence in Southworth, and, though he admitted annoyance was unreasonable and ungrateful, it annoyed him. Oddly enough, he had made up his mind to take it from Val without giving it a second thought. But then she was Val, the girl whom everybody liked. What did he know of the professor? He did not want to owe him anything. Yet, beggars must not be choosers; and Bobby swallowed the ugly phrase and its application, bravely mindful of the pitfalls of an unseasonable pride.

ly mindful of the pitfalls of an unseasonable pride.

The room which he entered was unoccupied. It was lined with books,
and books, and books again, and the
dusty piles of correspondence on the
table were tumbled together higgledypiggledy in a way to strike horror to
the heart of a conscientious secretary.
It was never very difficult for Bobby
Braithwaite to conjure up zeal: he
seated himself in the chair and began
to evolve something approaching to order out of the medley, and he reflected
as he began that he would now, for
the first time, learn the nature of his
new employer's researches.

Letters from German dry-as-dusts,

new employer's researches.

Letters from German dry-as-dusts, challenges from America, crabbed notes and monographs in Southworth's own writing—he bestowed at first an impartially moderate interest upon them. They used infamously long words, these savants; he arrived slowly at their meaning. When he nad attained it, however, his mild attention disappeared; he sat back in his chair and frowned. He had had too close a connection with a dark side of human nature during the past weeks; it had sobered and saddened him; it was not a little dismaying to find it rising, spectre-like, upon the threshoid of his reconstructed career.

He pored afresh over the professor's papers. They set forth, with much polycythol discussion.

tre-like, upon the threshold of his reconstructed career.

He pored afresh over the professor's papers. They set forth, with much polysyllable discussion, the scientific aspects of hereditary deficiencies and tainted mental conditions; they dissected vices and vivisected their possessors, and probed the dark places of the heart. They were written by very distinguished people—even Bobby knew many of their names. But—perhaps because of that enforced intimacy with sin and the sinner of which mention has just been made—the writers struck him as a ghoulish crew. They were so inhumanly busy over the purely scientific side of the question; he was not in a condition to appreciate their dispassionate outlook. They were ben tupon laying bare the unhealthy, the monstrously ugly, eccentricities of minds diseased. There was more rejoicing in their ranks over the one unfortunate who succumbed to the doom they foretold for him, than over the ninety-nine just persons who falsified their predictions by virtuous living. They clamored round a criminal with a disreputable family history like jackals round a bone. . . After all, the polysyllabled swaddling-clothes made for decency; there was reason in them; they obscured the gruesome deductions which were elaborated in their shadow. Bobby was glad of them. He tried to dismiss his own prejudices and cultivate the light of pure reason. He did not mean to think of how uncongenial his new undertaking seemed likely to dismiss his own prejudices and cultivate the light of pure reason. He did not mean to think of how uncongenial his new undertaking seemed likely to become—how stifling the mental atmosphere bade fair to be to his unaccustomed lungs—if he could help it. It was another awkward stepping-stone, to be trodden warily lest it should prove itself a hindrance rather than a help. Yet again he had to assure himself that he was no more than the proverbial beggar, and so must bow to the vagary of fortune. his new undertaking seemed likely to become—how stifling the mental atmosphere bade fair to be to his unaccustomed lungs—if he could help it. It was another awkward stepping—stone, to be trodden warily lest it should prove itself a hindrance rather than a help. Yet again he had to assure himself that he was no more than the proverbial beggar, and so must bow to the varary of fortune.

He had been told to answer some letters. He turned up the gas and opened the blotting-pad. Southworth was unpunctual—it was, perhaps, to be expected in a scientific man; at least, he had left work ready on his table. Bobby pulled writing—materials out of a pigeon-hole. A pink, oblong slip fluttered out among them, and he picked it up and paused, looking at it with some curiosity. It was an open cheque to bearer for seven pounds, adorned by the professor's minute signature.

"A nice thing to leave about," Bobby reflected, holding it between finger and humb and observing it critically. "No wonder Val said her father wanted supervision in his business affairs. He is a disorderly old person, I am afraid; he will have to be taken thoroughly in hand. The very way in which he has filled in the cheque is reprehensible. The cipher and the "seven' might in the vacant spaces. "Twenty-seven," he sald. "Oh yes, or fifty-seven, minety-seven, anything you please. I must point it out to him."

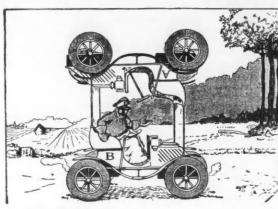
Something — the indrawing of a breath, the creak of shoe-leather—made him look round. The professor had

self that he was no more than the proverbial beggar, and so must bow to the vagary of fortune.

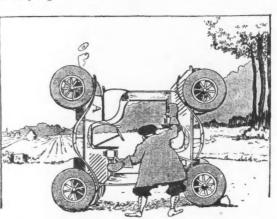
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"A nice thing to leave about," Bobby reflected, holding it between finger and thumb and observing it critically. "No wonder Val said her father wanted supervision in his business affairs. He is a disorderly old person, I am afraid; he will have to be taken thoroughly in hand. The very way in which he has filled in the cheque is reprehensible. The cipher and the 'seven' might easily be prefaced by another number: it would be a positive temptation to a needy soul with a taste for caligraphy."

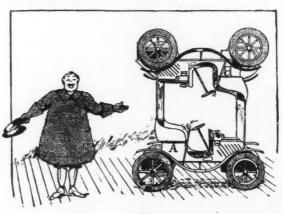
He picked up a dry pen and tried it



Another patent. Brown has had so many breakdowns that he now has a double car, so that if anything-



-breaks en route he simply has to turn the concern round, and then-well, there you-



"Pick-me-Up."

entered the room, and was standing

entered the room, and was standing behind his chair, peering at him in his short-sighted way, his long, thin mouth half open.
"I am afraid I startled you," he said. Bobby rose in some confusion. "I didn't know you had come in, sir," he said. "I was just going to begin work, but I found this among the writingpaper, and— it isn't safe, you know: it might be stolen and tampered with. I was waiting to remind you of it."

The professor took the cheque, and mounted his pince-nez. "What is the matter with it?" he said, mildly. "It was intended to be sent to the bookseller this morning. I suppose I forgot it. I am not a very good man of business, Mr. Braithwaite; but then, that is not my calling, you know. I

business, Mr. Braithwaite; but then, that is not my calling, you know. I shall hope to leave all that to you."

"Yes, but—" Bobby said, and explained.

The professor's blinking eyes waited on him, intently, while he illustrated his meaning with the pen in his hand. In the end their owner dismissed the subject with a slight impatience. "There, there!" he said; "it is a trifle; let us forget it. We must get to more serious affairs, if you please."

He gathered up a sheaf of manuscript in scrambling fingers, and the incident was at an end. He seated himself, and he was no longer a grotesque little person with a disjointed manner; he was an authority, a master of his subject with more struckers.

little person with a disjointed manner; he was an authority, a master of his subject, with more strange knowledge than Bobby had dreamed of marshaled in his brain. The tenor of his researches was grim: he was baring things which natural instinct hid; he was mercless; he screened no vanity; he dragged the ugly secrets of the mind into the light of day. Bobby winced, but he could not withhold his admiration for the acuteness of his methods.

The nature of Southworth's occupation known, his dual personality came as a subsidiary discovery. This inves-tigator, more threatening to mankind

Necessary

People May Go Without Food for Days but Not Without Sicep.

with the pen than an armed battalion with its bayonets, was, outside his study, no more than the man for whom Pobby had first taken him. He was an undecided, timorous person, and he kept a normal heart beating for his daughter. Val was, in fact, more potent than the dry-as-dusts, the object of a perfectly human affection, and of a pride far surpassing any the professor exhibited in his discoveries. He took them as the natural sequence to his work; Val was, it was evident, still a profound and tender surprise to the author of her being. She charmed him. It was not wonderful, Bobby admitted, after a few weeks of her society. She charmed other persons who had no such close concern in her. Chance, or Southworth's spasm of benevolence, had thrown a susceptible young man into her company. She was a pleasant girl, and Bobby had been considered a good fellow; the invisible meshes began slowly to enfold the two, and one of them fell to studying problems of maintenance with a furrowed brow, long after his day's work was done. He was not cursed with false modesty, and Val's nature was too clear for subterfuge. They came to mutual confidence upon a warm June evening, under the sooty plane tree in the little red-walled garden. The roar of the road followed Bobby into the house when he tore himself away with too much already said, and infinitely more that might be said trembling upon his tongue. It was the din of the working world calling him to take note of the feet of him head dong to where the professor was entrenched behind his study walls.

Half an hour later Bobby came out

fessor was entrenched behind his study walls.

Haif an hour later Bobby came out, pale, with compressed lips, snatched a hat from a peg, and fled into the streets. He had not met contempt or contumely; he could have suffered them, for Val's sake, gladly. But deliberately, dispassionately, and with an inhuman skill, the professor had dissected his history before his eyes, and brought the dusty volumes of his research to bear upon it. He was the son of a criminal who had played with crime for the pleasure of it, who had been steeped in it for years before his cunning failed him. Southworth took the life history of similar examples, quoting chapter and verse. Then he sent Bobby forth into the wilderness, with the deductions in full cry about his heels.

Braithwaite never forgot the sensations of that night. For years after the smell of late-watered roads, the breath of lime trees in the old gardens of the suburb, the starry lamps gemming street after quiet street, brought them to confidence in his own power to rise. In the three months that had passed, an initial difficulty had passed also. Val was quite willing to wait, and even eager to share life in a new country. But, unless all the long line of the professor's facts were false, there was a risk that it would be cowardly, and worse than cowardly, to ask her to share. Bobby cried out to himself that he was a clean man; that what he had seen must stand always before him as an example; that what he most hated and loathed could never lay a thold upon him—and the wise man's hideous logic rose to confute his assurance. After all, who should know, if not he who had studied just things as these, with all his intellect, for years?

It was nearly midnight when his feet bore him to Val's neighborhood again. He crept through the iron gate. There was a light still in her window, and he was glad that he was not to face her until the morning, because he could not tell, for the life of him, what he should have to say. The professor must be right; but all Bobby's love and man-

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pelled him headlong to where the pro-fessor was entrenched behind his study **NEW CHINA** HAS ARRIVED.

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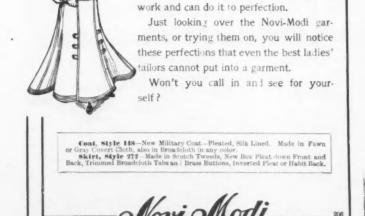
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liness persisted that he was wrong. He was his father's son. . . . No! not in that—never in that! He was not the captive of heredity, dragging at the charlot-wheels of another man's sin. God forbid! He was, if anything, a being forewarned, and so forearmed, against temptation—one who had learned, by contact with it, all its vilenesses, as no other observer could have learned them. Oh, he was sound, contended Bobby: he was not good enough for Val—no man could be that—but at least he was not hopelessly below her! He would never believe it. He turned his latch-key in the lock, and marched in. He meant to have it out with the professor: this was not an accusation to sleep upon. It must be refuted by arguments not less convincing to Braithwaite because he dimly suspected they were impossible of translation into words. He went to the study door, and then, held back by knowledge of what this interview might mean, hesitated, gathering up his thunderbolts. . . He pushed the door with his hand unconsciously. It yielded, and he saw beyond it.

Mr. Southworth was sitting with his back to the door, in much the position that Bobby had occupied when he had been silently observed on the evening of his arrival. He held a reading-glass in his hand, and he was poring over some gold coins which were arranged on a sheet of paper in front of him. He had a penknife near, and while the onlooker held his breath he picked at the milled edge of a sovereign, and studied it again with the glass. Then he laid his instrument down and wiped his pince-nez, and tapped the desk with them, deep in meditation, shaking his head occasionally, making little clucking noises of annoyance. The midnight gas flared over his gray head. He put a finger forward once or twice and pushed the coins; he fidgeted uneasily; but he did not turn and see who was behind him.

Light, illuminating his perplexities, streamed in upon Bobby. He remained standing there for some minutes. He flushed the crimson of excitement; he clenched his fist; he laughed noiselessly; fina

with the pince-nez once more upon his nose.

"Yes, sir—Braithwaite," Bobby said. He advanced to a chair and looked enquiringly at his employer.

"By all means," Southworth said, and he drew the blotting paper tidily over the money. "If you think it can do any good to open the discussion—oh, by all means. I am not the man to stand in the way of any man's hopes, particularly as you tell me that Valentine has raised them. But I tell you it is futile. You are barred, not by me or by personal animus, but by the inexorable workings of laws past your control. Braithwaite, or mine."

He threw a little regretful sigh after his words; his face, benevolently avoiding the young man's probable distress, had an air of compassion. It was match to tinder, fuel to fire; and when Bobby began he spoke with no apprehension visible in his tone, but rather with a deliberation that brought Southworth hastily from his pose to a more attentive attitude.

"I grant you, sir, that my father was guilty of all for which he has been

deliberation that brought Southworth hastily from his pose to a more attentive attitude.

"I grant you, sir, that my father was guilty of all for which he has been tried and punished; but I should like to show you that it is possible that he was no more vicious than hundreds of persons who are still at large in the world."

"Is it necessary?" the professor queried, gently. "That is conceded; and it is also irrelevant."

"Not as irrelevant as you think, perhaps," Bobby said, warming to his work. "What I mean to say is—and—wish I had your powers of expression—wish I had your powers of expression—that if you are going to rule out of the game all the people whose forebears have committed cruel and selfish actions, whether criminal or not, you might as well put an extinguisher upon the whole human race. For I suppose that you, who have studied the depravity of the mind so closely, will admit that there is a huge amount of potential wickedness existing, which, because it has not brute courage or strength of purpose behind it, never becomes active enough to find itself within the reach of law."

"Just so."

"And there are plenty of actions committed every day, which are heartless offences against other human beings and are capable of destroying lives and blasting happiness, without being accounted murder or legal fraud."

"Oh, dear me, yes," the professor said, patiently.

"Take my father as a sample of the legal criminal." Bobby said and he

counted murder or legal fraud."

"Oh, dear me, yes," the professor said, patiently.

"Take my father as a sample of the legal criminal." Bobby said, and he pulled his chair up to the other side of the writing-table, and leaned over it, and fixed his adversary. "Take him on his face value—it is plain enough. Now let us take one of the other sort. Let us suppose, for instance, that a man might seduce a younger man, to whom a good start in life was all-important, into his employ under the guise of benevolence, using that young man's natural confidence in a good woman as a stalking-horse."

The professor had been in the act of wiping his glasses. He paused; and Bobby went on. "Having caught him, let us suppose he proceeds to use him for his own ends. He suspects the young man of an hereditary tendency towards—shall we say embezzlement? It will do, I think. He believes—the course of his studies has led him to believe it—that his subject is likely to be morally weak in that direction. It would be interesting to an investigator to see whether his estimate of the

In an Old Trunk Baby Finds a Bottle of Carbolic Acid and Brinks It.

strength of inherited viciousness would

be supported by daily experiment. Very interesting, no doubt; but would to be morally sound to expose that young morally sound to expose that young to test the correctness of a cheory? His fortune depends on his own confidence in himself. Would not the man who tried, for his own selfsh ends, to destroy it, be as great a moral criminal as the man who robbed his friends of—not their virtue, but their money?"

The professor's hands shook. He hid them in his lap.
"Such dirty tricks, too, professor! Marked coins, an unlocked cash-drawer, an open cheque, the key of the plate-chest — and an affectation of bilindness in a spy who was watching, all the time, for the first sign of weak-ening. But he did not! And yet he had the contempt of the first sign of weak-ening. But he did not! And yet he had been to be afraid that I should lay a finger upon you, sir. But that's the meanest thing of all—! When I had falsified all your theories—quite innocently and spontaneously, I'll swear—you might have allowed me the clean siate. But no; you would have sent me away, still branded to my own eye—not because I had succumbed to the best tests you could devise; but because I had succumbed to the best test sy ou could devise; but because I had succumbed to the best test sy ou could devise; but because I had succumbed to the best test sy ou could devise; but because I had succumbed to the best test sy ou could devise; but because I had succumbed to the best test sy ou could devise; but because I had succumbed to the best test sy ou could devise; but because I had succumbed to the best test sy ou could devise; but because I had succumbed to the best test sy ou could devise; but because I had succumbed to the best test sy ou could devise; but because I had succumbed to the best test sy ou could devise; but because I had succumbed to the best test sy ou could devise; but because I had succumbed to the best test sy ou could devise; but because I had succeeded the best sake, let it be; groaned the professor. "It is no—it was not shall be sha

Two Fables.

Once upon a time Too-Many-Cooks spoilt the Broth. So the King sent for Too-Many-Cooks, and when they had arrived he tasted the Broth before

them. "Bad broth, O Too-Many-Cooks,"

them.

"Bad broth, O Too-Many-Cooks," said the King; "try it."

The Too-Many-Cooks tried the Broth.
"Bad broth, O King," said they; "veritably bad."

"And whyfore?" enquired the King.
"Because we are Too-Many-Cooks," answered they.

"Dear me, so you are," said the King.
"In which case what's to be done?"
"O King, live for nearly always!" repiled the Too-Many-Cooks. "To a less sagacious ruler than yourself it might appear that the remedy lay in a decrease of the number of cooks. But we beg to suggest to your Sensible Majesty that a pleasanter way out of the difficulty would be to double the quantity of broth."

"Let it be as you suggest," said the King.

Moral.—There are more ways of killing a pig than three.

11.

Once upon a time Good Wine needed no Bush. But that was a long time go. Moral.—Advertise.—"Punch."

A Swinburne Story.

This story of his school days is given n "Personalia," as told by Mr. Swin-purne: He had as a boy just finished his first term at Eton, and was traveling to London with his father. In the coach sat the headmaster of the school, read-ling his [WINDAR].

London with his father. In the coach sat the headmaster of the school, reading his "Times."

"'Isn't that Dr. —?" whispered my father to me, peering curiously in the direction of the headmaster. 'I believe it is,' I stammered, reluctantly. 'Believe it is!' rejoined my father, caustically: 'you must surely know your own headmaster!' Then clearing his throat and raising his voice, to my consternation he bent forward and airily accosted the awful presence behind the 'Times' with, 'Dr —, I believe, sir?' The doctor, incensed at being interrupted by a perfect stranger, glared at my father round the sheet of the paper, and said, testily, 'Yes, sir, at your service.' Well, sir,' rejoined my father, jerking his finger in my direction, 'my hoy here has just finished his first term at Eton, and I should very much like to know what account you can give me



We eat too fast, we exercise too little, we overwork our nerves. The stomach and bowels get clogged. (Constipation.) The iiver gets upset. (Biliousness) And attending these two simple ailments come all kinds of diseases and complications.

Hunyadi János

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of him.' Now," continued Mr. Swinburne, with almost tragical solemnity, "as a matter of fact, Dr. — had never set eyes on me, and probably did not even know of my existence; but enraged, I suppose, at my father's rather unconventional interruption, which he no doubt considered a slight on his dignity, he glanced down at me with a scarlet face, and said, deliberately, 'Your boy, sir—your boy is one of the very worst in the school!' and ately, 'Your boy, sir-your boy is of the very worst in the school!' of the very worst in the school!' and then entrenched himself once more behind the "Times.' My father looked volumes, but said nothing till we got out at Paddington. Then the storm burst. In vain I protested that Dr.—knew nothing whatever about me, and had only said what he had out of pure vexation at being disturbed. 'Do you think,' said my father, 'that I am going to take your word before that of your headmaster?' "

Male Vanity.

On the whole, men are vainer than women. The man who would walk down Piccadilly in a frock coat and a bowler hat for the mere love of the thing has yet to be found. A man bowler hat for the mere love of the thing has yet to be found. A man who is supposed to have faced troops of bloodthirsty savages without a qualm dare no more face a hostess at eight p.m. in a morning coat than he dare go into his bank with his face blacked. It is simply man's vanity.—T. W. H. Crosland, in the "Gentlewoman."

A Change

"Why is the council summoned?" sked the Emperor of Korea. "In order that we may be prepared for any mergency," answered the prime minster; "we are getting ready to change he name of our country from "The and of the Morning Calm' to "The Land of the Cold Gray Dawn of the dorning After."—Washington "Star."

Flirting tends to the development of both soul and intellect, according to the belief of Dean Tufts of the University of Chicago. "Coquetry." he told the seniors during an address recently, "is a training of the abilities needed in serious life. It is instinctive and not merely an outlet for surplus energies." Teasing was also considered by the professor in the light of a scientific advantage in maturing the mind. Tufts seems a worthy successor of the late lamented Triggs.

The Ways of the Plaster.

"Consider the porous plaster, my son," remarked the philosopher, "and don't get discouraged. Everybody turns his back on it, yet it hangs on and eventually achieves success by close application." — Chicago "Dally News."

She Gives a Splendid Reason

Why Miss Mary Brown Always Recom-mends Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets—Could Find no Other Cure for Her Dyspepsia.

Find no other Cure for Her Byspepsia.

"I always recommend Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets as a sure cure for Indigestion and Dyspepsia."

So says Miss Mary Brown of Birchtown, Shelburne County, N.S. And Miss Brown gives the following splendid reason for doing so:

"I had Dyspepsia for some time, and tried many medicines to rid myself of its pains and discomforts, but never met with anything to help me till I used Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets.

"Three boxes cured me so completely that I have had no Dyspepsia for over a year."

that I have had no Dyspepsia for over a year."

Thousands of statements like the above are the proof that Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets have cured thousands of cases of Dyspepsia. What they have done for others they will do for you.

One or two of Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets carried in the pocket and taken after eating, is a safeguard against discomfort.

Blame the Trolley.

A New Jersey doctor, Thomas W. Lauterborn, says that trolley cars are responsible for appendicitis. He says they make us lazy—that we ride when we should walk, and thus develop the disease through the abdominal muscles not being actively exercised. He says that if the human animal wants to conserve his strength and preserve his health, let him walk, and let him be careful to keep the abdominal muscles strong and the intestinal muscles active. ----



"The Queen of Toilet Preparations." It entirely Rem IT HAS NO BQUAL BEETHAM'S For KEEPINE THE SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH SOOTHING & REFRESHING. itties, 1s. and 2s. 6d. (in England.) AND WHITE

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TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, Editor

SATURDAY NIGHT is a Twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, pub-

OFFICE: SATURDAY NIGHT BUILDING, Adelaide Street West Toronto, Ontario, Canada

Subscriptions for Canada, United States and Great Britain addresses will eived on the following terms: One Year.....

Three Months . Postage to European and other foreign countries \$1.00 per year extra.

Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED, PROPRIETOR



T Shea's Theater this week Bean and Hamilton open th bill with such jumpings over and divings into barrels, done in black and white, as to make the nervous beholder fear that the gentlemen of sudden disappearances may meet with the fate of Port Arthur and have the lid put on before they have time to back out. They are called the world's greatest barrel jumpers and we are quite willing to believe that they are the best ever in manoeuvres with the portly barrels which stand the shock of their turnings and tumblings without a quiver. Miss Dorothy Neville, who appears in a number called for no reason whatsoever "As It Happens," is a large lady in red who has an entirely unremarkable voice in which she sings meaningless songs. Her representation of the New York messenger boy delivering flowers to a beautiful maiden whom he designates a peach is an excellent bit of mimicry, but when she acts the part of an intoxicated "lydy" indulging in Teutonic remarks alleged to be wittieisms the performance has degenerated to a tiresome degree. Mr. Harry Foy and Miss Florence Clark (we may state officially that the gentleman is not related to the Blake letter), appear in a new comedy, "The Old Curiosity Shop," which is distinctly refreshing and "laughtersome." The curiosities are weird affairs, among them being the five-cent piece which Russell Sage gave Elijah Dowie and a goat that coughs up bricks and other packages of breakfast food. The hero ends his career by being blown up, which is highly elevating. Mr. William Windom is excellently coonful as "the colored nurse girl," although the dramatic monologue on osculation is a trifle long drawn out. Miss Emma Francis and Mr. Pat Rooney, announced as the great dancers, do some clever whirling, the young man being far more ingenious and amusing than Miss Francis, whose airy grace is somewhat too pronounced and prosaic. The Romani Trio, a European musical sensation, play coach horns while balancing, while Mr. Romani himself accomplishes the remarkable feat of playing two distinct parts on two cornets at the same time. The cornet is not bill with such jumpings over and divings into barrels done in black and white, as to make the nervous be ing two distinct parts on two cornets at the same time. The cornet is not exactly a favorite with those of us who have neighbors, but the Romani cornets are another story and sound quite melodious as played by the olive-and-gold trio. I was afraid every moment that the "Lost Chord" would float from those three mouths of brass, but we were spared that dear old air, which is now being "ground" from every corner and "floods the crimson twilight" with more than an infinite calm. Then comes the lady of the "whole show," little Miss Annie Abbott, the Georgia Magnet, who, clad in a fetching pink gown, defles strong men to raise her fairy form from the stage. The Toronto men, to their confusion be it said, are very slow to comply with the persuasively-worded request that they shall form a committee from the audience to test the magnetic strength of the little lady from Georgia. Woman's coaxing prevails, however, and the rest of the audience thoroughly enjoy the spectacle of ten stalwart citizens attempting to lift one little woman who is exerting her feminine magnetism against them. They try in vain to push a lightlying to lift one little woman who is exerting her feminine magnetism against them. They try in vain to push a lightly-grasped pole from her hands, to snatch away a chair, or to push little Miss Annie against the wall, though some of the muscular youths become red in the face in their determined efforts. It is noticeable that the elderly gentlemen refuse to make the experiment, the pleasing task being undertaken by gentlemen who are yet to be numbered with the boys. The experiments are extremely interesting and no one is wise igh to explain satisfactorily the strength of the Co Magnet. The performance, which threatens at times to be come ludicrous and embarrassing, is rescued by Miss Abbott's graceful unconcern from becoming an awkward situation for either the strong lady or the members of the brute force committee. The kinetograph presents four numbers, the last of which, "The Smugglers," is a fine bit of realism, a whole story being told on the canvas, such a yarn as you read in the "Boys' Own Paper" in the days when a smuggler's cave was only a degree less enchanting than the bandit's retreat.

"Human Hearts" at the Majestic is the real thing. There are more weeps and prayers to the square inch than a computing machine could register in a week—and that is what

packs the house.

A country blacksmith marries a woman with a few pasts that she doesn't really need—old lover turns up—dark night—murderous "dadger"—slash!—wrong man killed—hero's father—hero pinched—"dadger" found in his clothes—life sentence—close shave—wide stripes. But——!

A tramp was hanging around the house the night the murder was committed. For a long time he holds his secret, "afeared to squeal"—then he catches the heroic spirit—and hands out "the true story of a b—lighted life."

Things take on a swift pace. Blind mother and idio to the of hero work Governor for pardon. Governor can't stand the combination—mops up a few buckets of their tears

stand the combination—mops up a few buckets of their tears and floats the blacksmith out.

Sneak music—"villian" revealed in his palace—entertaining hero's naughty wife—smokes five-cent straights as if they were common two-fers. Hero bobs up—smooth detective slides in—guns and things—"villian" bad shot—misses hero—fills lady friend with lead—curtain drops just in time to save audience from a watery grave.

audience from a watery grave.
Altogether, "Human Hearts is a great show—and should n't be missed by anyone looking for trouble in wholesale shipments. Weeps will be weeped regularly for the rest of the

That dreary mixture of horse trades and Yankee dialect known as "David Harum." the dramatization of Westcott's novel, is supplying roast chestnuts at the Grand Opera House this week. Mary Blake and her lover are quite as dull on the stage as in the novel, which is saying much for their boring capacity. Mr. William H. Turner, who does David, is the proper blend of philanthropist and "cute" horse dealer to make the character lifelike. Taking it altogether, the performance is unexciting and harmless—and the chairs at the Grand Opera House are comfortable spots to dream a while away.

Mr. James O'Donnell Bennett, who has the supreme felicity of doing dramatic stunts for a Chicago journal, writing of the

First Automobile Run of the Season.



Party Starting from Queen's Park for Oshawa, Saturday, May 7th

performance of "Why Girls Leave Home" in a theater of the ourth class, remarks: "The vigorous and frequent 'damn' eemed to be an unfailing expedient for creating mirth. Whenever one of the men swore the audience in all its parts-from

ever one of the men swore the audience in all its parts—from the children to the old women—laughed hilariously—a strange manifestation which the writer has seen exactly duplicated in the course of many a performance at a fashionable theater." It is a matter of surprise to many that the simple little monosyllable "damm" contains such mirthful possibilities. He is a poor actor, indeed, who cannot create laughter by using this word of four letters, which really is a pure classic meaning nothing more indecorous than "condemn." Wherein does its virtue or vigor consist? Other words may be used with emphasis in a series of "confound," "blame," "hang"—but they fall flat and impotent before the eloquence and humor of just one "danm."

J. G.

In the May "Cosmopolitan" Miss Grace Isabel Colbron has this to say concerning the German actress: "There is no doubt that one can find a far greater number

There is no doubt that one can find a far greater fullhor of striking personalities of greater artistic stature among the men of the German stage than among the women. A history of the great names and real talents of the German stage would give woman but a second place. The German woman, as a rule, lacks a definite individuality and that magnetism which raises one above the mass. She lacks initiative, and even in the interpretative artist initiative is an important thing. But her good qualities her submission to discipline and and even in the interpretative artist initiative is an important thing. But her good qualities, her submission to discipline and tradition, her power to learn patiently and thoroughly and to do as she is told, make of her, with the excellent training that the German theatrical system gives her, an efficient, reliable actress. She can learn, and does learn, to become the willing, submissive instrument of interpretation of the thought of a great poet. This is considerable of itself, and in Germany, at least, there are many who think this the highest artistic power that a woman should or can reach."

The Paris correspondent of the London "Daily Mail" has the following to say in regard to Signora Duse:

"Signora Duse, the great Italian tragedienne, has arrived in Paris to consult the best French physicians with regard to an attack of influenza which affected her lungs, and from which she has never quite recovered. She lives in complete retirement, seeing no one, avoiding all fatigue, and doing her best not to think of things theatrical. She refuses to speak of anything concerning the stage, and so anxious is she to divert her thoughts from her profession that when she goes out she will not pass before a theater if she can help it. If the theater has brought her her greatest triumphs, it has likewise theater has brought her her greatest triumphs, it has likewise been the cause of much sadness to her, and she has recently been the cause of much sadness to her, and she has recently fallen into a profound melancholy. Her friends are few in number, and she refuses all opportunities of making new acquaintances. She constantly keeps near her a statuette of Proserpine. The Pagan deity has a peculiar fascination for Signora Duse, who has invested her with a mystic charm, and believes she has discovered in her points of resemb'ance to herself."

Sport

HE hon camaraderie of those who trifle with what John y calls "kerosene karavans" and "benzoine bug is a feature of the sport. This condition of th ustrate

game was well illustrated during Saturday's run of the Toronto Automobile Club to Oshawa.

There were many accidents and stoppages, but every time there was a breakdown those who came along afterward stopped to help or sympathize, no matter how eager they were to pick up some rival on ahead. Of course there was an exception to the rule—a chap so anxious to get there first that he disregarded all club traditions and pressed on unheedingly to the goal. He got there, too, among the first, but the day of retribution is at hand. He will meet with an accident ten miles from nowhere some day, and those he neglected will teach him a lesson by leaving him to struggle unaided with his difficulties. his difficulties.

There were many enjoyable situations on the journey, but to those who witnessed it the difficulty of Mr. H. C. McLeod, general manager of the Bank of Nova Scotia, on the return general manager of the Bank of Nova Scotia, on the return journey, produced the most quiet mirth. Probably Mr. McLeod does not see the joke, but his friends do. Mr. McLeod owns a big Peerless machine, a 24-horsepower four-cylinder, car of the very best pattern. It is one of the finest in the city and is, among automobiles, what Mr. McLeod's grand cutter "Gloria" is among the yachts of Lake Ontario.

Now Mr. McLeod is a yachtsman, not a chauffeur. On board a yacht he is resourceful and confident, but when he chambers aboard the Peerless the guiding wheel is not as familiar to him as "Gloria" steering apparatus.

board a yacht the Peerless the guiding wheel is not as a miliar to him as "Gloria's" steering apparatus.

Coming home from Oshawa the Peerless broke down about twelve miles out of Toronto. When aid arrived Mr. McLeod, who was clad in a long yellow oilskin coat that felt more familiar to his shoulders than a motorist's leather garment, "Gloria" was pacing around his machine completely puzzled. "Gloria" in midlake with half her duds blown to ribbons and her run in midlake with half her duds blown to ribbons and her running rigging in a snarl aloft would have been an easy problem to Mr. McLeod as compared to this situation. He could have improvised enough muslin to bring "Gloria" back to port—but here he was completely befogged. He was undecided whether the centerboard was jammed or the triatic stay had a half-hitch on the garboard strake. At any rate the Peerless was anchored and refused to move. He had fed her water and kerosene and machine oil and tightened up everything in sight but still she refused to budge. sight, but still she refused to budge.

He hadn't a word to say when an expert put the machine in running order in two minutes, but silently mounted his seat and fell into line.

This automobile game is not, as popular conception has it, This automobile game is not, as popular conception has it, one of money. That is, the man with the more costly machine does not always win. It takes brains, of good keen variety at that, and pluck of Al quality to be a successful "billy" driver. The engines have to be nursed and the road studied every foot of the way. Sheer grit and utter recklessness will not do. That combination soon comes to grief.

The conduct of the majority of members of the Toronto

Club is having its effect upon the farmers. A couple of year ago the farmers made a dead set against the automobilists because their horses became frightened at the chug-chugging

because their horses became frightened at the chug-chugging of the cars, the swift dart by, and the pall of dust.

The sober-minded members of the club have by their consideration partially won the respect and better feeling of the farmers. These thoughtful men slow up when passing a skittish horse and even stop and lead a fractious animal by the object of its fright.

On the other hand, the farmers have recognized that the cutch he came to stay and are andeavoring to accust on their

nuto has come to stay, and are endeavoring to accustom their corses to the machines by pulling up beside them when they

find them stopped.

There are, however, among both motorists and horse drivers a few smart Alees who endanger the growing peaceable elations of the general body of automobile owners and farmers. These fresh automobilists dash at full speed by vehicles regardless of consequence, while on the other hand obstinate young farmers or hired hands out driving refuse to give an auto half the road, of turn short in front to make the machine pull up with the emergency brakes.

An obstinate mail driver down Highland Creek received well-merited punishment from a Toronto motorist not long ago. He refused to let the auto by on several occasions, but one day the automobile man caught him abroad with a skitone day the automobile man caught him abroad with a skit-tish horse, and disregarding the warning signal of an upraised hand rushed by at full speed with the muffler open, the machine making as much noise as a machine-gun in action. The frightened horse took to the high bank and pawed holes in the neighboring atmosphere, while the mail driver clung desperately to his head stall. The next time the motorist caught the mail man he repeated the dose and then asked him if he would give way on the road the next time he was over-taken.

This talk of a Hamilton challenge for "Canada's" Cup is premature. There is nothing in the plan and will be nothing in any such plans until early fall. Yachtsmen will not worry about that challenge at least until half the sailing season is over, and even at that the R.C.Y.C. will have the preference in any event.



The Family Tree.-"1.ife." The Fares of Long Ago.

O quaint old cabs they used to know. These crowded streets I tread to-day: Where are the fares of long ago?

In phantom line I see them flow,
Barouche and landau, brougham and shay:
O quaint old cabs they used to know!

I see them pass with motion slow, To long-forgotten dance and play: Where are the fares of long ago? Poor ghosts, in flounce and furbelow

Be-rouged and young and ribboned gay: O quaint old cabs they used to know! With sigh and laughter, belle and beau Drift past and melt into the gray: Where are the fares of long ago?

Sad lips that smile, and eyes that glow, Sad ups that smile, and eyes that glow,
All, all were turned long since to clay!
O quaint old cabs they used to know,
Where are the fares of long ago?
—Arthur Stringer in the "London Magazine."

"I had no idea old Graspit was a philanthropist until saw him circulating a petition yesterday for the purpose of raising money to enable a poor widow to pay her rent."

"Oh, Graspit's all right! He owns the house the poor widow lives in."—Chicago "Daily News."

Society at the Capital.

WO dances given during the past week were greatly welcomed by the younger members of Ottawa's "four hundred," as, though there has been a plethora of teas and other festivities of a more quiet nature, dances have been of rarer occurrence this year than is usual at the Capital. The first of these jolly little entertainments was given by the members of the Ottawa Rowing Club in honor of Miss Silo, of New York, who has been Mrs. Toller's very popular visitor for some weeks. The evening was particularly warm and summerlike, which made the verandas thoroughly enjoyable for sitting out and many of the young people enjoyed a quiet row on the water during the evening. The chaperones were Mrs. D'Arcy Scott, Mrs. G. Patterson Murphy, Mrs. J. W. Woods, and Mrs. (Colonel) Turner. Miss Silo returned to her home in New York on Thursday. Mrs. John Gilmour invited a party of young people, numbering in all thirty-five, to accompany her on Thursday evening to Aylmer, where they were pleasantly entertained by this popular hostess, first at a dinner at Satchell's Hotel, and afterwards at a jolly little dance, going and returning to town by tram. This novel little function was arranged in honor of Miss Daintry of Cobourg, who has been staying with Mrs. Harriss at "Earnscliffe" for a couple of weeks, and who returned to Cobourg on Saturday. Mrs. Harriss left for Cincinnati on the same date to attend the musical festival, at which Miss Muriel Foster will be one of the soloists.

Harriss at "Earnseliffe" for a couple of weeks, and who returned to Cobourg on Saturday. Mrs. Harriss left for Cincinnati on the same date to attend the musical festival, at which Miss Muriel Foster will be one of the soloists.

Luncheons and dinners, although not as plentiful as during the previous week, have been holding their own of late. The usual Tuesday and Wednesday sessional dinners came off at Government House and at the first those honored were Major-General the Earl of Dundonald, Lady Elizabeth Cochrane, Sir William and Lady Mulock, Hon. James Sutherland, Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Casgrain, Mr. Monk, M.P., and Mrs. Monk, M.P., and Mrs. Gustherland, Hon. Mr. and Mrs. Casgrain, Mr. Monk, M.P., and Mrs. Guthrie, M.P., and Mrs. Guthrie, Mr. E. B. Osler, M.P., and Mrs. E. B. Osler, Mr. Earle, M.P., Mrs. Cheney, Canon, Mrs. and Miss Hannington, Mr. and Mrs. Decelles, Miss Boultbee, Miss Cochrane, Miss Elsie Ritchie, Miss Sims, Miss Smith, Mr. F. A. Dixon, Captain Thacker, Mr. John Christie, Captain Bell, Mr. Arthur Guise and Captain Graham, while those invited to partake of His Excellency's hospitality on Wednesday evening included the following: Hon. Mr. and the Misses Emmerson, Sir Louis and Lady Davies, Sir Adolphe, Lady and Miss Caron, Hon. Mr. and Miss Baird, Hon. H. and Mrs. Montplaisir, Mr. T. C. Casgrain, M.P., and Madame Casgrain, Colonel Hughes, M.P., and Miss Hughes, Archdeacon and Miss Bogart, Mr. and Mrs. P. D. Ross, Lieutenant-Colonel, Mrs. and Miss Gourdeau, Mr. Bickerdike, M.P., and Miss Bickerdike, Mr. Geoffrion, M.P., Mrs. and Miss Goorfleau, Mr. Bickerdike, Mrs. and Miss Gourdeau, Mr. Bickerdike, Mrs. a

Mrs. H. Allan Bate also limited her invitations to her married lady friends on Thursday. Mrs. Gerald Bate followed with another of these sociable functions on Friday, when eight guests were bidden to a dainty little repast. One of the largest and smartest teas of the season was that given by Mrs. F. Cockburn Clemow on Friday, when the "guest d'honneur" was Mrs. Harry Ward of Port Hope, who arrived in town on Tuesday to spend the season's end with Mrs. Clemow. The latter wore a handsome black lace gown, with touches of yellow, and Mrs. Ward was in pale grey crepe with point lace trimmings.

The invitations are out for the marriage of Miss Freda Montizambert, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Montizambert, and Mr. Reginald Beckett of the firm of Dobell, Beckett & Co., and grandson of the late Sir David Macpherson of Chestnut and grandson of the late Sir David Macpherson of Chestnut Park, Toronto. The wedding will be solemnized at Christ Church Cathedral on Wednesday, June 1st, at two o'clock. Mr. Cuthbert Beckett of England and Mr. Douglas Beckett of Galveston, Texas, prothers of the prospective bridegroom, are expected in Ottawa for the ceremony. Several more Ottawans will occupy leading positions in matrimonial events which will take place shortly. The marriage of Mr. Norman Stewart, son of Mr. and Mrs. Macleod Stewart, and Miss Jean Macdonald of Minneapolis, will take place in the latter city on June 1st, and on June 22nd another ceremony of like nature will be solemnized, when Mr. Edward R. Rowan-Legge, manager of the Bank of Ottawa at Mattawa, and Miss Anna Stewart, daughter of Mr. Alexander Stewart, Balmoral Lodge, Chelsea road, will be the principals.

The many friends of Captain Kemmis-Beatty, who spent some time in Ottawa last fall and who is now in England, will be interested to hear the announcement of his engagement to Miss Marjorie Worsley, a charming English girl and niece of Lieutenant-Colonel Worsley, who at one time was in command at Halifax, N.S.

nece of Lieutenant-Colonel worsely, who at one time was in command at Halifax, N.S.

Hon. Mr. Nosse, Consul-General for Japan, with his private secretary, Mr. Hombu, arrived in Ottawa a few days ago and has taken Major Maunsell's house in Besserer street for a month, at the end of which time he will move into Mr. Mc-Cullough's handsome residence in Laurier avenue, which he has leased for a term of years, and which is to be beautified in true Japanese style, including the addition of a tea-house in true Japanese style, including the addition of a tea-house to be erected on the spacious lawn. Mrs. Nosse, with her three young daughters, is expected to arrive from Japan some

time in June. Mr. Cameron McCullough of Winnipeg is in town, spending a holiday with his parents, and on his return to Winnipeg will be accompanied by his sister, Miss Madge McCullough, who will pay her sister, Mrs. Samuel Clarke of Winnipeg, an extended visit.

Lady Laurier has been in New York with a party tinic week, and while there they were entertained at a box party in Madison Square at the grand military parade, by Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Kirkpatrick of Toronto, during which the 48th Highlanders gave the distinguished party an ovation. The party returned on Sunday to Ottawa.

Ottawa, May 9th, 1904. THE CHAPERONE.

The Way Things Grow.

What I Observed.

Young Jack Smith met Mrs. Willie Jones, apparently by

Young Jack Smith met Mrs. Willie Jones, apparently by accident, in King street; the two stopped and chatted a few minutes; walked half a block together; the lady halled a car with her parasol, and, presumably, went home.

What Mrs. Wizzen Told Her Husband.

It's simply shameful the way that silly little Mrs. Willie Jones cuts up with Jack Smith—and so publicly! This afternoon the two were together again, promenading up and down King street for over half an hour—laughing and attracting attention in the most brazen manner. I think it's just awful. And when she left him—waved her parasol till everyone turned and stared. I think someone should tell Willie. It's only fair that he should know what's going on.

What Wizzen Told Nosev at the Club.

What Wizzen Told Nosey at the Club.

What Wizzen Told Nosey at the Club.

Don't see much of Billy Jones these days, et! Guess the poor little beggar has his hands full with that wife of his. She and Jack Smith going a pretty swift pace. Meet regularly, I understand. Someone telling me only yesterday that she was seen with him in King street with more on board than she really needed. Yes—a fact—straight. (Whispers, slaps his friend on the shoulder and chuckles.) Poked him in the ribs with her parasol and created quite a scene as he was putting her on a car. Mighty pretty girl, though. Don't know what she sees in Smith. Oh, yes! It's no secret—but don't let on that I told you. let on that I told you.

What Nosey Tells His Friends.

What Nosey Tells His Friends.

Hear Billy Jones is thinking of bringing an action against Jack Smith. Oh! haven't you heard? Thought everyone knew the way she and Jack have been going on. There's talk of an attempted elopement. Someone put Billy on to the game. Caught them just as they were starting off. Ran across them in King street, heading for the station, after bowling up pretty well. Drinks! Well, I should say she does! Oh, yes! Quite a scene. Refused to return home. Hit Billy over the head with her parasol. Fact. Talking to a fellow who saw the whole thing. Jack! Oh, he saw the game was up, so he caved in and helped Billy get her on a car. Haven't seen him for a day or so. May have left town. Best thing he could do under the circumstances.

OBSERVER.

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Intimate Interviews. IN THE UP-TO-DATE MANNER.

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HAD no little difficulty in gaining admission to his house, but once the unsecured window was located my interview with Mr. J. Ward Stuffer became a matter of comparative ease. I found the well-known politician in the kitchen in company with a friend.

"The 'Morning Bracer,'" I said, by way of introduction.

"What the d——" he began.

"Exactly. You have been summoned in connection with certain illegal practices at the last municipal election. You are to appear in court to-morrow morning. My paper has sent me to——"

"Get out, you blankety blank blank blank, or l'Il—"
"Yes, yes, quite so. In the first place, though, I may
say that we have the story down pat. The whole thing is in
cold type on the stone at the present minute. In three hours
we go to press. But in view of your past record we have
thought it only fair to give you an opportunity to make public your side of the case before you run up against a judge
and jury prejudiced by the unfair comments of our contemporaries." poraries

and jury prejudiced by the unfair comments of our contemporaries."

"Humph!"

"That is better. I am glad to see you appreciate the trouble we have gone to in the interests of fair play. But let us get down to business. There were six hundred and twenty-four names on the voters' list in your sub-division; seventy-three actually voted—while ninety-seven were personated or relieved in other ways of the labor of marking their ballots. Now for the facts. Doctor Stycker, the successful candidate, is your most intimate friend. Yes. Ah! so this is the Doctor? Glad to know you, Doc. Well, you got there, anyway. We all know how these little things are done. Politics is no nursery game. Pretty smooth piece of work. Too bad they got on. Better luck next time. What's that? Here, look out what you're throwing! I want you to understand that I'm a representative of the press of this city—and I'll not stand any abuse—no, not a little bit. Well, why don't you cough up without hedging? All I want is a story. Of course, if you fellows think it will do you any good to keep mum, it's your own funeral when our paper, which has always stood by you, turns you down good and hard."

which has always stood by you, turns you down good and hard."

They went behind the stove and argued it out by themselves. Of course, I'm not at liberty to divulge their private conversation—they spoke so low.

"Yes, that's better." I assured them, when they got their yarn into shape. "Sick wife.' "Consumption.' "Under doctor's treatment constantly.' "Calls every day.' "Six small children.' "Forty years of honest citizenship.' "D.R.O. in sixteen successive elections." First recount of your ballots during whole experience.' "Never accused of crookedness before." "Charge entirely without foundation.' "Partizan spite.' "Desire fullest investigation.' "Health greatly impaired since charge laid." "Heart in dangerous condition.' "Degeneration of the valves.' By the way, old man, is that your dope on the table?" I interrupted for a moment. "Wouldn't mind a horn. Thanks. My heart is a little out, too. . . . Not bad stuff. Prefer Canadian myself, but Scotch does in a plach."

bad stuff. Prefer Canadian myself, but Scotch does in a piach."

He seemed a little nervous—rather hopeful that I would go. "I think that's all," he said, and unlocked the door.

I hastened to undeceive him.

"'All!' Why, my dear fellow, I've only started. Election affair is the smallest part of it. What is your regular occupation? Who was your father? Mother of same name? When born? Ever go to school? Religion? Regular churchgoer? Oh! 'took up collection,' eh? Plates ever disappear?—Hold on there! No offence—very ordinary question. It is sometimes rather embarrassing to have to ask for information of such a private nature, but you, being a man of the world, understand—you know—democratic country—no Star Chamber business—great public demands facts—newspaper's business to supply them—most private affairs have greatest influence with the people—put them next—arouse sympathy—you're one of themselves—no better, no worse—'one touch of nature,' you'know."

you're one of themselves—no better, no worse—one touch of nature,' you'know."

That line of talk landed him. He unreeled his answers before I was fairly ready for them.

"What is the rent of this house?" I asked. "Is it paid?"

Inat line of talk landed him. He unreeled his answers before I was fairly ready for them.

"What is the rent of this house?" I asked. "Is it paid? Who pays it? Do you own any fast horses? Play the races? Dabble in stocks? Are you familiar with The Ward? Have you ever attended a colored church? What is your favorite beverage? Do you pay for it yourself? Is it so that one of your children is weak-minded? Have you any other domestic trouble? Pardon me, but isn't your wife just—well, you know what I mean—just a little bit swift?"

He pretty nearly hit me when I asked him that, but I let his rudeness and the poker pass.

"All right," I warned him, "if a statement to that effect gets into the paper, without contradiction, you can't say I didn't give you an opportunity to set the matter right before the public. Oh, yes, that will be quite satisfactory. I shall state that there is no truth in the report that Mrs. Stuffer has driven her husband to drink and desperation—that Mrs. Stuffer's health prevents conduct on her part such as has been attributed to her. Well, now, I don't see anything objectionable in that, even if she has never been slandered. Such a statement will be a good precaution against any such scandal being started, anyway. . . . What? 'Keep it out altogether?' Why, my dear fellow, I can't possibly do that. It is a matter of public interest—and, besides, I have your own word for it that her conduct is beyond suspicion."

His remarks would have made great copy for the "Police Gazette," but our editor used to be a preacher, and he doesn't believe in verbatim reports of unconventional dialogue. I wasted quite a little time in dodging things, but in the end I got a hearing for my final request.

"I'll forgive you," I said, "on one condition. You have abused me shamefully—treated me as if I were a spy or a mere busybody—when I have gone to all this trouble and annoyance for the sole purpose of placing you, your relations and affairs in a proper light before the public; yet, I repeat, I will forgive you—but on

were out of the city, dodging your summons—or something else that will make an equally impressive story."

He smiled, but he didn't look pleasant as he rose slowly and moved toward the door. "I hope you don't get wet," he said, "but it's raining out."

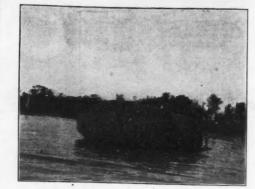
I am not quite sure even yet how the thing was done but half an hour later I disentangled myself from the branches of an apple tree and moved uncomfortably toward the street. It was rather late when I struck the office, and I had to get another fellow to write out my copy for me—three ligaments had become displaced in my right wrist—but it was a great one of the best examples of really modern journalism that this city has yet given to the public. JAQUES.

The Counsel of a Countess.

URELY if any woman may be entrusted with the secret of feminine charm it is a Frenchwoman—and a countress, at that. In a delightful small book, entitled "The Woman's Breviary," a brilliant Parisienne, "Mme. la Comtesse de Tramar," discusses the various ways by which artful woman may not only attract but retain the regard of man. Just a few of the potent qualities in a wife are intelligent love, feminine knack, good taste, grace, cheerfulness, illusions, diplomacy, aloofness, modesty, cruelty, and studied attractiveness. This is a list somewhat alarming to the modern woman of our Western world, who is more than likely to throw up her hands in horror at such a catalogue and relapse into the author's own tongue, "le jeu n'est pas vaut la chandelle."

A California journalist, commenting upon the views of the Frenchwoman, is amused by her horror at the idea of comradeship, as understood in England and America, between man and woman. "It is profoundly sad," she remarks; "woman wishes to be a man's comrade, and thus does cruel hurt to both love and chivalry. She uselessly and stupidly casts aside

wishes to be a man's comrade, and thus does cruel hurt to both love and chivalry. She uselessly and stupidly casts aside the poetry that surrounds her personality." List to that lamentation, ye maidens who tarry long at the links and go a-yachting in costumes of a masculine jauntiness. The poetry of woman's personality is altogether missed by the youth who has gone to school with his sister and his sister's friends and has learned to regard feminine companionship as something quite ordinary enough for human nature's daily food—that tiresome Wordsworth expression which always reminds one of whole wheat bread or shredded biscuit—any wholesome but unexciting diet. Verily, I believe the Countess is right. There is more wickedness in the frou-frou of a cascade of white



Straw Boats on the Hugli.

A Bit of India

For those who think of the Ganges and the Hugli only as the pink-covered missionary books of childhood showed them —streams into which small dark infants were daily being dropped by way of sacrifice—these photographs of scenes of real life on an Indian river may be of interest. The straw-



Water Buffalo

boats on the Hugli move up and down the river with the tide, are very unwieldy and look like the ghosts of hay-ricks moving about. Water-buffalo will stay in a tank (artificial lake) for hours on a hot day without moving, with just their heads above water. On the other side of the tank is part of a native village with a couple of European houses in the distance.

flounces than in all the sobriety of a regiment of walking-

flounces than in all the sobriety of a regiment of walking-skirts.

But the Countess makes one startling declaration for which her sisterhood will hardly forgive her. "One instinctively believes," she remarks, "that man runs after woman, but it is nevertheless true that in spite of the reserve imposed upon womankind by civilization, it is in reality woman who runs after man." A restraint should assuredly be placed upon the pen of a woman who will talk out of school in this brazenly frank fashion and admit things that are enough to make our great-grandmothers turn in their narrow cells. This is a libel on the fair sex, uttered in a moment of temporary mendacity by one who must have forgotten that the better part of valor is not to own up. The most cheerfully matter-of-fact woman whom this continent of comradeship has produced would blush on reading such a confession as this Countess of the ingenuous town of Paris has penned without a quiver. Such a diplomatic blunder has not been known since the balmy summer day some aeons ago, when Eve looked shyly up at Adam from beneath the friendly shade of the apple-tree and softly asked, "Do you want a bite?"

THEKLA.

In Memory of an Investigation.

Grave city fathers worked of old
That game—the well-plugged ballot-box—
Through whose unholy aid we hold
Power through the cunning of the fox.
Good voters, pray be with us yet—
Haste to forget! Haste to forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies, The counsel and the judge depart; Some few have been a sacrifice And others suffered quite a start. Good voters, pray be with us yet— Haste to forget! Haste to forget!

At last the judge has gone his way,
And though some few may feel the fire,
Lo! the great dread of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre.
Be kind, O judge, and spare us yet—
Haste to forget! Haste to forget!

If, drunk with municipal power,
We gave no thought unto the law
But did improve the shining hour, Close shaves may breed a proper awe. Good voters, pray be with us yet— Haste to forget! Haste to forget!

For earnest hearts that put their trust
In canvassing with periods
Though valiant, they are bound to bust—
That is no way to "do" a ward.
For fractured oath and broken word,
Thy mercy on thy chosen horde.

JAMES P. HAVERSON.

Salting Down Babies.

In certain localities in Europe and Asia the people still adhere to the exceedingly curious custom of salting new-born babies, notwithstanding its cruelty and danger. The method varies with the differing nationalities of the people using it. The Armenians of Russia cover the entire skin of the infant with a very fine salt, taking great care that the salt reaches all the spaces between the fingers and toes, and the depressions in the body, such as the armpits and the hollows under the knees; for not a spot of the surface of the child must remain untouched by the salt. The salt is left on the baby for three hours or more, and then washed off with warm water.

A mountain tribe of Asia Minor is even more merciless than the Armenians. They keep their new-born babies covered with salt for twenty-four hours. The modern Greeks sprinkle their babes with salt; and even in some parts of Germany salt is still used on a child at birth, but in a much more humane manner, by rubbing a little behind the ears, or by placing a pinch of salt on the tongue, or by filling a little

paper with salt and placing it under the garment. The mothers imagine that this will give their children health and strength and keep the evil spirits away from them.

This custom, when carried to excess, is cruel, the salt inflaming the skin and sometimes causing such intolerable tortures that the child dies in convulsions; but the ignorant and superstitious mother, believing that the salting process hardens the child, that without it the babe could not grow up into a healthy man or woman, hardens her heart to its cruelties.

cruelties.

It is not known, definitely, how this odd custom originated, but probably some ancient innovator, observing the preservative power of salt in keeping meat sound, reasoned that it would be a good thing to salt down young babies for a few hours, and thus impart something of the strengthening and preserving qualities of the salt to the puny offspring of man.

Confetti.

Repentance is the only true mother of Respectability .-Our worst faults are the children of our dearest virtues.—"Life."

"Life."

Truth for a woman is anything she desires to believe.—
"The Cynic's Posy."

"Sometimes," said Uncle Eben, "a man gives hisse'f credit
foh bein' resigned to fate when he has simply settled down to
bein' good an' lazy."

Almost anyone can be magnanimous in great affairs, but to
be magnanimous in tritles is like trying to use a large screwdriver to turn a small screw.—"An Hour With Our Prejudices."

Conscience aches, but cannot be extracted.—"Life."
There was never a Rachel who had not lurking possibilities of the Jezebel, nor a Jezebel who had nothing of the Rachel—in weak moments.—"The Cynic's Posy."
Sorrows are the opals of the soul.—"Little Dinners With the Shiny."

Sorrows are the opals of the soul.—"Little Dinners With the Sphinx."

Discretion is the better part of literature.—Edgar Saltus. Many a man's reputation is injured by his character.—"Proverbs of a Day."

Life is a circle with a broken periphery. Its awful content flows out and away, in glory away, but no archangel's wing is strong enough to follow it and report a return of the curve.—Charles Mallov.

-Charles Malloy.

To-day's choices are to-morrow's habits, next week's char-

To-day's enoices are to have acter.

A man's wife may be his better half, but sometimes her mother seems to be the whole thing.—"Modern Society."

Childhood fears no future, for it knows no past.

No two things differ more than hurry and despatch. Hurry is the mark of a weak mind; despatch, of a strong one.—

Colton

Few of us are real enough to achieve the distinction of a

Whither, whither dost thou ride, Jocelyn, Jocelyn, Through the morning meadow-tide, Hawthorn-foamed on either side? Whither, whither dost thou ride?

"I know not where-the morn is wide."

Whither, whither dost thou ride, Jocelyn, Jocelyn, Up the barren mountain-side, Bathed in noonday's burning tide? Whither, whither dost thou ride?

"I know not where-the noon is wide."

Whither, whither dost thou ride, Josefyn, Josefyn, Down the darkling valley side, Through the surging shadow-tide? Whither, whither dost thou ride?

"I know not where—the night is wide."
—W. W. Gibson in the London "Outlook."



SHIFTING THE BURDEN. Manager Hays (to shipper)-It's up to you.

Real Conversations.

I .- At Stratford-upon-Avon.

American Visitor-A great man, sir! A wonderful man!

American Visitor—A great man, sir! A wonderful man! Resident—You're right.

American Visitor—A marvelous man, sir! And nowhere better appreciated than in the United States of America. Resident—So I believe.

American Visitor—That's right. I might even go so far as to say that the colossal genius of Shakespeare is more highly prized in the States than in any other portion of the universe.

highly prized in the States than in any other portion of the universe.

Resident—Well, I don't know that. I quite—
American Visitor—But I do, sir, and I speak as a citizen who was fed up—that is to say, who was brought up on the works of the great poet whose shrine I am here to honor! You will hardly believe it, but—
Resident—I am bound to say—
American Visitor—Pardon me, sir! One moment. I was about to observe that at the age of eleven I could repeat the whole of the first act of "Hamlet" from memory, including stage directions.

Resident—Indeed! You must have—
American Visitor—That's truth, sir! We consider that your great Shakespeare is an educational factor. We Americans do not regard those great tragedies, those divine comedies, as mere entertainments. No, sir! We—
Resident—Well, but—
American Visitor—You must excuse me if I speak plainly. We encourage plain speaking, sir, on our sīde of the water, and so I venture to repeat—
Resident—As a matter of fact—
American Visitor—I venture to repeat that for a real good appreciation of the genius of Shakespeare you must go to the United States of America every time. What'll you take to drink?

Resident—Nothing, thank you. I should just like to

Resident-Nothing, thank you. I should just like to

American Visitor—I know, sir. I fully understand. But, in the very nature of things, it would be impossible for you to judge the matter from an unbiassed standpoint. Now, to a man hailing, as I do, from—
Resident—I don't think—
American Visitor—I admit it. That's the first good point you've made during the course of this argument. I'd like to shake hands with you on that. (They shake hands.)
Resident—Good by.
American Visitor—I trust we shall meet again, sir. In the meantime, would you kindly direct me to the residence of Miss Marie Corelli?

II.—In a Hansom.

II.—In a Hansom.

He—Would you like the window down?

She—It isn't raining much, is it?

He—Not very much.

She—Oh, let's keep it up, then. It gets so stuffy with it own, don't you think so?

He—Beastly! (A pause.)

She—I wonder—?

speaking together)

peaking together)

He—Did you notice——? I beg your pardon.

She—What were you going to say?

He—Oh, nothing much. What were you?

She—I was only going to say, I wonder whether Vi really tres for Jack Bartlett?

He—I don't know. She looked as if she did.

She—Yes, but then Vi has a way of looking as if she cared or men.

for men.

He—She's a flirt, you mean?
She—Well, I suppose I do, really. It sounds rather a horrid thing to say, but Vi— There's something so unsatisfactory about her. Don't you know what I mean?

He—Sort of promises with her eyes and refuses with her

She—Exactly. That's rather neat, by the way. (A pause.)
He—I'm glad you don't like that sort of thing.
She—Of course I don't. (A pause.)
He—I can't imagine you—
She—It's very kind of you to say so.
He—Well, I mean it. (A pause.)
She—I'm afraid this poor gee has been out some time.
He—Sorry you're bored.
She—I didn't mean that, exactly. I always pity these yor cab-horses.

poor cab-horses.

He—Wish I was a cab-horse.

She—Do you? How funny you'd look, running along between the shafts.

He—Glad you find it amusing.

He—I say, you're not going to be like Vi, are you?

She—What do you mean?

He—Well, you promised with your eyes, you know. (The

cab stops.)
She—I don't understand you. Will you help me out, III .- In a Country Churchyard.

III.—In a Country Churchyard.

Stranger—You've a fine old church here, I see.
Sexton—Ah, it might be worse.
Stranger—Does it date back very far?
Sexton—I dunno about that, but there's some rare drafts and such-like ter catch anybody's legs.
Stranger—Oh, it's drafty, is it?
Sexton—You wouldn't need ter ask that if yer sat in my seat of a Sunday.
Stranger—I daresay not.

Stranger—I daresay not. Sexton—Eh?

Sexton—En: Stranger—I said, "I daresay not."
Sexton—No, that you wouldn't, (A pause.)
Stranger—That looks to me like a Norman arch—that west doorway.

Sexton—Maybe. Some say one thing an' some say another.

It don't trouble me.

Stranger—You don't take much interest in architecture,

Sexton—I've a deal too much ter do ter worry about such nonsense as that. Them as built it, built it; and them as didn't build it, didn't build it. That's what I allus say. Stranger—You don't commit yourself.
Sexton—Eh?

Stranger-I say you don't commit yourself to any definite Sexton-Ah, them as built it, built it. And it wasn't

built in your time, nor yet in mine.

Stranger—You're right there. (A pause.) That's a very handsome monument, that marble one. Sexton-Ah; they all notice that Stranger-In memory of some distinguished person, I sup-

pose?
Sexton—I dunno about that. It was just a lady that lived in the village, and 'er son 'ad that put up about a year arter she was buried. Stranger—Was she very rich? Sexton—Fairish. Not ser much as you might think from

that there tombstone.

Stranger—Her son must have been very fond of her.

Sexton—So some think. Meself, I've got my own opinion

about it.

Stranger—May one ask what your opinion is?

Sexton—Oh, there's no secret about that. I think as 'e put it up to 'is own honor and glory. 'Ave yer finished lookin' at the church?—Keble Howard.

He Mixed the Proverbs

The other night at a dinner Martin W. Littleton, Presi-

The other night at a dinner Martin W. Littleton, President of the Borough of Brooklyn, told this story:

"On a cabbage patch owned by a negro in a Southern community oil was found. Speculators offered the negro \$20,000, which he accepted without waiting to consider another proposition, said to be \$40,000.

"'How's this about your cabbage patch? said Mr. Littleton to the negro. 'I understand you have sold it for \$20,000."

"Yaas, that's true, boss,' replied the negro. 'Yo' see, men come pickin' round my place an' dey \$ay dar's oil heah. Dey say, "We gib yo' twenty thousan' dollahs." I say, "All righ!"

righ'."' am told if you had waited a day or two you might have sold it for \$40,000. "'Yaas, massa, dat mebbe so; but a bird in th' han's th' nobles' wuk of God."

An earnest man said to have descended from a man who once wore a gorgeous "coat of many colors" in Egypt, had rented a house and was about to sign the lease, when the real estate agent remarked: "Of course you understand that there is no bath-room in

"Dot makes me no difference," was the reply. "Ve only vants it for von year."

Anecdotal

A resident magistrate in Tasmania had a large and prominent nasal organ. On one occasion he had to impose a fine for drunkenness on an old frishwoman who hailed from the other side of the river. "If you plaze, sir," said Bridget, "I haven't got the money on me; but I'll go and fetch it, if your honor'll lend me the bridge of your nose to cross the river with."

Professor Baker of 'Varsity crossed

Professor Baker of 'Varsity crossed the campus the other day behind two undergraduates. "What is the matter with you?" he heard the first one say. "What makes you so blue?" "Why; replied the other, "I wrote home last week for money to get text-books with, and here this morning my father sends me, instead of the money, the books themselves. How in the world is a fellow ever to get on his feet at this rate?"

Alexander H. Stephens of Georgia and Thaddeus Stevens of Pennsylvania were both masters of repartee. Stephens of Georgia weighed just seventy-four pounds, but Toombs said that when he was in a forensic fight he weighed a ton. One day Alexander severely worsted a gigantic Western opponent in debate. The big fellow, looking down on Stephens, contemptuously burst out: "You — Why, you pigmy, I could swallow you whole." "If you did," said Alexander, "you'd have more brains in your stomach than you ever had in your head!"

Many years ago, when Mark Twain

Many years ago, when Mark Twain was a struggling journalist, he found himself one day with a bill coming due and a total lack of funds with which to meet it. Half distracted, he was rushing round the city in a feverish hunt for funds to tide him over the trying time. He rushed a little too quickly, however, for as he was turning a corner he collided with a little man and overthrew him. The victim regained his feet and yelled: "You do that again and I'll knock you into the middle of next week." "My dear sir," said the apologetic humorist, "do it by all means. If I can get through till then without breaking, I'm safe."

Senator Depew of New York say: that one morning he received a letter marked "Personal" in an envelope ad-dressed: "Hon. Chauncey M. Depew A.M., P.M., Ph.D., LL.D., S.T.D., etc." dressed: "Hon. Chauncey M. Depew.
A.M., P.M., Ph.D., Ll.D., S.T.D., etc."
The letter read as follows: "Dear and
Most Honored Sir—I have read of your
after-dinner speeches. It has never
been my good fortune to listen to your
eloquence, but I have delighted myself
and friends by publishing reports of
your utterances. So much have they
impressed me that I have one great
wish. It is to listen to the speech you
—" Senator Depew here reached the
end of the first page of the letter, and
turning over to the next page read:
—"would deliver after a dinner in your
railway restaurant at Poughkeepsie."

Harry Lehr and John Jacob Astor

Harry Lehr and John Jacob Astor visited Philadelphia recently in a motor car. They stayed overnight in Philadelphia, and during the evening a number of young men called on them. Mr. Lehr was in good spirits. His conversation was amusing. The talk happened to turn on sea voyaging, and he said: "Once, crossing the Atlantic, a tremendous row arose among the sailors. They fought down in the foreastle like a pack of wild beasts. Luncheon was going on at the time, and the first officer left the table to see if he could quell the disturbance. He had only been gone a little while when the hubbub began to die down. Everything was quiet when he returned. The captain called across the saloon to him in an approving tone: "Things seem to be smoother now." Yes," returned the first officer, 'we have ironed the sailors, sir."

Let me tell you how the Oriental hospitality of Nasr Eddin, a great man of the East, was abused many years ago. From a distant village a poor man came to Nasr Eddin and made him a present of a hare. Nasr Eddin was delighted with his gift. The poor man, on the strength of it, stayed with him a month. A short time after a stranger came with his entire family to Nasr Eddin's house. 'We,' the stranger explained, 'are friends of the man who gave you the hare.' Nasr Eddin welcomed the visitors warmly, and they stayed two weeks. They had not been gone long when another family of strangers arrived, 'Whom have I the honor to receive?' said Nasr Eddin. 'Friends of the friends of the man who gave you the hare,' was the reply. Nasr Eddin looked grave. He did not invite these guests indoors. He served them on the lawn with cups of some clear fluid. Tasting this fluid, they made wry faces, for it was nothing but warm water. 'What is this you offer us, O Nasr Eddin?' the strangers said reproachfully. The host replied: 'Oh, that is the sauce of the sauce of the When the hour of adjournment arrived in court at Media, Penn., the other evening, Judge Johnson suggested that the attorneys go on and finish the testimony in the case on trial. This caused William B. Broomall, one of the attorneys, to remark: "It is written somewhere in the Bible that no court should sit evenings." "I will refer that point to Lawyer O. B. Dickinson," remarked the court, Mr. Dickinson being the other course in the case. In court next day Mr. Dickinson simply referred the court and attorneys to parts of the eighteenth chapter of Exodus, as follows: "And it came to pass on the morrow that Moses sat to judge the people; and the people stood by Moses from the morning unto the evening.

And Moses' father-in-law said unto him: The thing that thou doest is not good. Thou wilt surely wear away, both thou and this people; for this thing is too heavy for thee."

"The Book Shop."

A la Mode Wedding Stationery

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CEYLON tea that no other possesses. Black, Mixed or Natural Green.

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A positive and speedy cure for Gout, Gravel, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Torpid Liver, Diabetes, Indigestion, and all diseases of the urinary organs.

W W W

Water

Beware of Imitations: So-called Vichy in

Syphons or Soda fountains is not Vichy. The genuine Vichy is sold in bottles and every bottle has a tricolor neck label bearing the name of the agents.

CH CH CH

Spring Spring FRENCH REPUBLIC PROPERTY.

BOIVIN, WILSON & CO., MONTREAL, Sole Agents for Canada.

ant and others of the past generation of literary men, lives at Poughkeepsie and bears a striking resemblance to the late Lord Tennyson. He is fond of rising early in the morning, donning a large cape and meditatively pacing about the purlieus of that town with his eyes ranging some two feet above the heads of any persons that he may chance to encounter. Indeed, he is not popularly supposed to recognize that there is any such thing as the ground till after eight o'clock. One dewy morning last summer, however, a neighbor proceeding to an early train was surprised to see him standing in an earthly attitude watching a group of Vassar girls on a morning botanical excursion. "Hah! Mr. Benton," exclaimed the friend, "caught at last! No heaven-gazing this morning, eh?" 'Sir," returned the poet oracularly, "I have reached a greater age than I had attained some years ago. But the man who would not stop to gaze at such a bevy of loveliness would deserve to be tossed on the horns of a wild dilemma and to come down in a den of roaring publishers!" Then he stalked austerely away.

The fact that the up-to-date Mikado of Japan sleeps in a European bed does not seem anything to be surprised at until it is remembered that forty millions of his subjects prefer the floor. His Majesty does not stop short at this case for a greater but wears European for the surprise of Colonel William C. Greene, one of the greatest ranchers in the world—his holdings of Arizona grazing land aggregate 1,890,000 acres—spoke on hospitality at a dinner in New York. "Hospitality is an excellent thing," said Colonel Greene, "but it is open to abuse. Let me tell you how the Oriental hospitality of Nasr Eddin, a great man of the East, was abused many years ago. From a distant village a poor man

His Majesty does not stop short at this one foreign custom, but wears European clothes, uses a knife and fork in preference to chopsticks, and rides in a carriage that would not attract particular attention in Rotten Row but for the gorgeous livery of the men on the box. Says Mr. Edwin Wildman in an interesting article in the "Cosmopolitan" on the "Court of a Twentieth Century Mikado:"

"His Highness never loses an opportunity to set an example and show to the world that Japan inclines a receptive ear to Western civilization. At great military, naval, or diplomatic functions he invariably wears the full Europeanized uniform of a commander-in-chief, and there is nothing in his bearing or surroundings to remind the dimitative beautiful to the common the common of the commander-in-chief, and there is nothing in his bearing or surroundings to remind the bearing or surroundings to remind the dignitaries he entertains that Japan is not out of kimonos and wooden shoes. His uniform is immaculate, his French is irreproachable, and his Oriental polish is refined, unobtrusive, and dignified.

the other course In the case. In courtnext day Mr. Dickinson simply referred the court and attorneys to parts of the eighteenth chapter of Exodus, as follows: "And it came to pass on the more row that Moses sit to Judge the people of the friends of the friends

Relief in the Great Canadian Kidney Bemedy.

Resident,

Rosedene, Ont., May 9.—(Special.)—
Rosedene, Ont., May 9.—(Special.)—Rosedene, Ont., May 9.—(Special.)—Rosedene, Ont., May 9.—(Special.)—Rosedene, Ont., May 9.—(Special.)—Rosedene, Ont., May 9.—(Special.)—

Buffalo Bill's Divorce. Wilton Lackaye and Alf Hayman were talking of "Buffalo Bill's" divorce case during luncheon at the Lambs'

Column Column

The above Coupon MUST accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. Pieuse address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons are not studied.

Evelyn.—Your birthday brings you under Aquarius, the water-carrier. It is an air sign and rules over the lives of some exceedingly gifted people. The fault of the Aquarius child is generally carelessness of the great power such a one may possess. You have excellent traits for a foundation, and I hope you will develop accordingly. There are independence, ambition and fair discretion shown in your lines, and you have originality and will have marked style later if you take pains—a hard "if" for the Aquarius child. Fine temper, generous and "oeral tone of mind and an adaptable but slightly self-willed nature are indicated. I have not my table of affinities at hand and cannot recall your most likely congenial mate. It might be another air child or a placidly tempered fire person. You have eighteen.

Isabelle.—The tragedies of life are not table.

placidly tempered fire person. You have eighteen.

Isabelle.—The tragedies of life are not always big, but even when small they hurt one. It touched me a bit to read your letter, for I have been there, too. There are plenty of us who wear out our pretty trouseaux and find it hard to get another outfit. But if the stringency is because you are paying for the "bit hoosle" that is your dear paying for the "bit hoosle" that is your dear your your your your your you must also take a turn at self-denial. You must chest he might contract. You are not doing wrong to desire more money for pretty clothes, but if it makes you fretful (even all to yourself) you are doing abominably wrong to besire more money for pretty clothes, but if it makes you fretful (even all to yourself) you are doing abominably wrong to brood over your short allowance. I could not tell you how to make mofiey, not knowing what your capabilities are. Can you make nice Jam or can fruit well? If so, you might soon make a tidy sum that way. I myself am always ready to give anyone an order for putting up fruit, if they do it well. Can trusive and very, very stale. These are lots of chances at that work. I know by your writing and spelling that you are not up to office work, so I mention the more feminine occupations. Your writing suggests uncontrolled nervous energy. Goanny, little woman. I like your frankelter, and won't you write me another? Casey.—Now, Casey, don't you know there's no peetry critic on this column? Your four lines are harmless and unobtrusive and very, very stale. These are three qualities that should disarm the virulent critic. I have known a many, many September people (myself Included) who thought they could write poetry, it was a dream, Casey.—Poetry and fish and eggs should be very, very good or they're no good at all. You know your had qualities? This a wise man you are. And you want some good ones? Well, here's a chance for concelt—good temper, energy, hope and ambition, wonderful iscention considering the way you chance things. Isabelle.—The tragedies of life are not

excitement or impulse you must go down cellar and count a thousand.

Elizabeth.—Your writing is too uncertain for delineation. It will change greatiy in a few years. This is not a fortune-telling column. June 25 brings you under the partial influence of Cancer (the Crab), which begins to rule on June 21 or 22. The full influence is not exerted before June 28, six days after the close of the rule of Gemini, which has a partial influence over your character. Judging from you are a rather erratic person writing, you are a rather erratic person rather a Cancer specimen—the Cancer people are always paradoxical person will be a supplied to the case of the crab is devious, and the Cancer people are always paradoxical person will be supplied to the case of the crab is devious, and the Cancer people are always paradoxical person. It is mind and then call on the again. I am sure you're very young.

Stephen.—I am sorry my "convenience" was not sooner, my friend, but "I tak'em in turn." You are clever, original, self-opinionated and persistent, never lightly resigning a right or giving up a project. You are a good talker and state your case clearly, have excellent and energetic method, some fine perception and sympathy, and can be generous, but are not prodigal. Concentration and the habit of thought and study are suggested. Your birthday brings you under the fullest influence of Leo, and you are probably rising with your sign (a fire one) out of the material and into the intellectual. There is a higher development into purely spiritual force in which the Leo man has no rival. They are

one) out of the material and into the intellectual. There is a higher development into purely spiritual force in which the Leo man has no rival. They are then the lordly and the magnificent. Sinner.—All Sainter Day

the Leo man has no rival. They are then the lordly and the magnificent.

Sinner.—All Saints' Day or All Sinners' Night makes no difference, mavourneen, if you are good, clean Irish you'll do for me. I can take all the space I need and welcome. November 1 brings you under Scorpio, the great serpent of the sea, and you'll mind he has his sting in his tail. Scorpio people wait a long while to acknowledge an injury sometimes, but they rarely forget it. Your nature is generous and kindly and your temper good, and if sometimes a bit warm that's no matter at all. You have not much tact or finesse, but very great persuasiveness and enthusiasm. It is an able and respectable hand, full of big impulses and fine courage. I think there may be several unfinished issues still moulding your life, and that the future holds more than the past, You cannot be commonplace, and you cannot either be cold. Love is a living power, and you are fond of beautiful, striking and picturesque effects and personalities. My love to you!

The Horrors of the War.

Little scraps with outposts, Now and then a shot, Make the "mighty battles" That are being fought.

So the little skirmish-Three men on a side— Looms up in tall headlines, Seven columns wide, So the shattered hen-coop And the wrecked pigsty Bring the vellow "extras"

That the suckers buy. Little bits of rumors
Caught upon the wing
In blood red are printed—
War's am awful thing.
E. Kiser, in Chicago
Herald."

OLDMUL Scotch



Club. "What's this about Cody's wife trying to put poison in his coffee?" to that earldom, one of the oldest of ejaculated the actor. "Search me," Scottish titles. Her prospective estates said Hayman; "perhap she inserted a yield an income of \$200,000 a year. She tablespoonful of gold cure."

"American" Woman on Smoking.

On the train, between Jaffa and Jerusalem, an elderly American woman objected to the smoking going on around her. She grabbed hold of a uniformed railway guard who was going through the carriage, and shrilly set forth her objections. He very civilly replied that there was no rule against smoking in the carriages.

"Then there ought to be," she retorted, "when ladies travel on the trains."

"But the Turkish ladies who travel On the train, between Jaffa and Jeru-

trains."

"But the Turkish ladies who travel on our trains all smoke themselves," replied the guard.

"Do they, indeed?" replied the old lady, acidly, "but American women do not smoke."

"Very true, madam," replied the guard, "but you are not in America, you are in Turkey." Still with much civility.

"I don't care if I am!" hissed the old.

you are in Turkey." Still with much civility.

"I don't care if I am!" hissed the old lady, fiercely, "and I don't care if The Turkish women do smoke. They ought not to, so there!"

"Perhaps they ought not to," said the guard, with unruffled courtesy, "but they do,"

The old American lady looked at him hopelessly, gasped, and subsided. Probably never had she known a man to have the last word with her before. She had a kind of black-alpaca air, and looked like a widow. A French with once said that the insane asylums are full of men who had argued with their wives. Perhaps she was only a pseudowidow, and her husband in an asylum. Who knows?

I was so much interested in this incident of the contract of the contr

whow, and her husband in an asylum. Who knows?

I was so much interested in this incident, and in the guard's insistent civility, despite his persistent disputatiousness, that I engaged him in conversation. I found that he was a Smyrniote and had been educated at Robert College, Constantinople. In this famous educational institution he had acquired his suavity of manner and his fluent English. But they had not instilled in him there the belief, deep-rooted in the American mind, of the folly of arguing with an elderly lady.

Sporty Lady Constance.

Lady Constance Mackenzie has placed a crown of orange blossoms upon her many daring and picturesque exploits by contracting a romantic Highland marriage with Sir Edwin Austin Stewart Richardson, Bart. It was, of course, hardly to be expected that the young lady who cantered astride across Somaliland would ever consent to a stately wedding. The few guests bidden got their invitations by telegraph. Not a relative was present. The chapel was not decorated and there was no irstrumental music. Lady Constance Mackenzie is a sister of the Countess

Is the grand and niece and ward of the Irrmensely wealthy Duke of Sutherland. She is a swimmer of renown, having carried off the ladies' Challenge Shields at the London swimmingbath contests.

Cold-Blooded.

Congressman Livingston of Georgia expresses amazement at the cold-blooded way in which Republicans consider public questions. "They seem to regard every conceivable subject from a party standpoint," says Mr. Livingston; "reminds me of a story they tell about a New York drummer who died suddenly in an Atlanta hotel. The coroner telegraphed to his firm, saying: "Your representative died here to-day. I await your Instructions.' In a few hours this answer came back: 'Search his pockets for orders. Express his samples to New York. Give the body to a medical college.'"



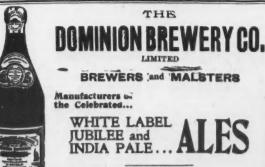
Ready to serve. Just open the tin. England's Beef Eaters can find no better nor more nourishing food than Clark's Roast Beef.

W. CLARK, MFR. MONTREAL

ROAST BEE



used in homes all over Canada where purity is appreciated. It will not cake.



The above brands are the genuine extrac of



A Dispensation of Providence.

HERE was a buzz of excitement in the porch outside the ment in the porch outside the Drill Hall.
"Not the Mortimer Leslie?" asked a girl.
"Yes; isn't it ripping of 'said a tall youth, tugging at his

embryo moustache.

"Oh, but I'm frightened," said another girl. "It was bad enough to think of rehearsing before any professional, but Mortimer Leslie! I shall die of

but Mortimer Leslie! I shall die of terror."
"It's jolly good of him," commented the treasurer of the Langside Amateur Dramatic Club. "A professional would have cost us no end, and, of course, Leslie doesn't want a fee. He's rather friendly with Paterson, and as he's spending a week-end there he offered to come and give us some hints toright."

spending a week-end there he offered to come and give us some hints tonight."

"How do you feel, Miss Forrest?" asked the girl who had said she was frightened.

Everyone looked curiously at the girl addressed, who had been standing very quietly in the background. She was a comparative stranger to most of them, on a long visit, for her health's sake, to a friend in the neighborhood. The girl who had originally been cast for the leading lady's part in "A Look and a Leap" had just had an accident in the hunting field, and Miss Forrest, entusiastically recommended by her friend, had been asked to fill her place. "I?" she said, smiling faintly. "Oh, I'm—trying not to be frightened."

The stage manager, excited and a little irritable, flung open the door suddenly.

"Come in! Come in!" he urged. "Leslie's not going to eat you."

Thus encouraged, the party flocked into the room, Kate Forrest dropping behind, and entering last.

"Mr. Leslie—Miss Forrest."

She looked up serenely, and met his startled eager eyes. Bowing slightly, she passed on, and joined the group round the fire.

A crowd of bitter-sweet memories rushed upon him—and upon her. The quaint village in Brittany where they had met nine months ago; the long, hot days on the beach; the acquaintance, ripening fast—so dangerously fast—into friendship, and something more; and then the sudden, sharp ending of it all, the foolish, unnecessary quarrel.

"First act, please." It was his voice.

"First act, please." It was his voice, and the murmur of conversation ceased

and the murmur of conversation educations suddenly.

He explained, altered, corrected vigorously for half an hour, and then came her cue.

"Let yourself go a little more, please," he requested, after her first few lines.

She flushed and hesitated.

"Don't wait. Cue again, please."

She smiled suddenly, and did his bidding.

Berliner Gram o-phone.

me."

He waved the self-conscious young man aside, and motioned to him to

man aside, and motioned to him to watch.

Then suddenly he realized what he was going to do. The words that he had to say to her—as an actor—were the words he had longed for nine months to say to her—as a man. If he said them—as a man—would she understand?

"If you could forgive—" he said, and his voice trembled with passionate entreaty.

"Jove! What an actor!" murmured the electrified stage manager.

"Jove: What an actor: murmured the electrified stage manager.
"If I could forgive!" she breathed, with a world of tender reproach in her tone, and held out her hands to him. He grasped them in his strong, thin forcers.

fingers.

The stage manager surreptitiously consulted his book, and finding what seemed to be an important oversight, scribbled, for his future guidance, the all-embracing word "business" in the margin.

Suddenly from the road outside came a rattle and roar. Heads turned with the consent.

a rattle and roar. Heads turned with cne consent.

"It's Johnson starting for the International," said an excited voice, and the speaker vanished through the door. There was a general rush in the same direction, and much talk and laughter.

"You see," he explained to Leslie from the doorway, "we all know him, and he's come round on his car this way, I expect, to say good-by. We'll only just give him a send-off, and be back in five minutes."

The door shut behind him, and they were alone, actually alone.

"Is it Providence?" said Leslie, softly.

"That depends," she answered, between laughter and tears, "on how we use it."

came closer to her. "I want to ise it in telling you I'm sorry."
Her lips quivered, but her eyes were

smiling.
"So do I," she replied, "and so — I

"No, that's not quite right yet," he interrupted. "Did you," he asked suddenly, "see Margaret Ellison in the part when this was in town?"

"Yes," she admitted.
"Then—can't you remember?—I didn't see her myself, but you must be able to remember a little how she took the part?"

She considered. "Yes, I think I do, but.—" She stopped.
"Very well, then," he said, briskly, ignoring her unfinished sentence; "once more, please. And you, Mr. Kelly—the self-conscious Juvenile lead started—"much slower, please, and try not to talk about love in the tone you would use for discussing the weather."

The you could forgive—" he repeated, sulkily, and striving after the desired intensity.
The great actor strode across the floor.
"No, no; that won't do at all. Allow me."

He waved the self-conscious young

think—it must be—Providence."
"You are looking ill," he said, sud-denly.
She shook her head. "Oh, no, it's nothing. I've been working a little too much, and it was hard waiting for—" "Me?" he suggested, vaingloriously.
He laughed. "Did you say working to hard!" he doed.
"Yes."

He looked surprised, and there was a pause.
"Dear," she said—and from her, with wom endearing terms were rare, the sound came like a caress—"you remember abuse.
"I' was wrong; I ought to have explained; but I was afraid."
"Afraid?" he cried. "Of me?"
"Aladout very been working a little too much, and it was hard waiting for—"
"Me?" he suggested, vaingloriously.
He laughed. "Did you say working to hard!" he doed.
"Yes."

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"Afraid?" he cried. "Of me?"
"Aladout." he call to would we have a provided."

He looked surprised, and there was a pause.

"Dear," she said—and from her, with whom endearing terms were rare, the sound came like a caresse—"you remember why we—quarreled?"

He nodded.
"I was wrong; I ought to have explained; but I was afraid."

"Afraid?" he cried. "Of me?"

"Of losing you. Listen." She spoke hurriedly, glancing fearfully at the door. Would they give her time? "I had work to do—for about six months, of which you might not have approved, and I was afraid that if I lost you I should not do it well. That was cowardice." She smiled sadly. "And—and it was not even successful, since I lost you after all."

"Mislaid me," he corrected. "I refuse to be lost."

She thanked him with her eyes, and went on. "But now the six months are over, and—and I will give up the work, if you want me to."

He protested. "Have I proved myself so narrow-minded?" he asked. "Have I ever said I thought less of a woman because she worked?"

"You misunderstand," she said. "Do you remember telling me, very soon after we met, that you thought actors who married actresses were—fools?"

He looked vaguely uneasy. "I have a kind of hazy remembrance of it," he admitted.

"Then you know why I was afraid. I am an actress."

"Kate! You?" he cried, desperately. "Oh, what an ass I've been. Tell me, dearest, what can I do? Give me a chance to make up. Tell me what you want to act, and let me use any influence I may have in getting it for you. Only tell me."

"Perhaps," she suggested, smiling, "I may not need to trouble you. You haven't asked, by the way, what name act under."

"What is it? To think that I've been coolly lecturing and correcting you.

haven't asked, by the way, what name I act under."

"What is it? To think that I've been coolly lecturing and correcting you, when, for all I know, you may be a second—a lerical into this.

"Not a second one," she whispered.
"What?"
"I mean, I'm—I'm her," she explained ungrammatically. "Ah—you mustn't. They're coming back."
The outer door banged, and there was a sound of many approaching feet.
"Kate—dear!" he implored.

"Well?"

He drew her back, for she was going to a decorous distance.
"Promise me one thing."
"Yes; quick! I promise."
"Make me a fool soon."—Exchange.

After the Bail.

In the spring a young man's fancy Lightly turns to-two ahead; In the spring-say, who's a pitching? Lightly turns to-got him dead.

In the spring—another bagger!
In the spring—they've knocked him out!
In the spring the young man's fancy—
O, just hear the bleachers shout!

In the spring—he must have got it!

Croesus, what an awful roar!
In the spring the young man's—wow,
wow,

In the spring—the—crowd's a-howling!
Lightly turns to—that's a shame!
In the spring—O, jam his fancy!
I must go and watch the game.
—Woodstock "Sentinel-Review."

'Nother hit! It's five to four.

A Woman Freemason

Lord Grenfell, when he goes to Ireland as successor to the Duke of Connaught, will doubtless visit the home of his ancestors, the St. Legers, at Doneraile Court. County Cork, which is now the residence of Lord Castletown. But it is for ever notable as containing the room in which the only feminine Freemason was initiated, in the person of Elizabeth St. Leger, daughter of Lord Doneraile, and the grandmother of the grandmother of Lord Grenfell.

The circumstances of the initiation were curious. Elizabeth St. Leger, a young and spirited girl, was curious as to the Masonic ceremonies carried on in the lodge held in a room in Doneraile Court. In the adjoining room some repairs were being effected, and Elizabeth had noted that only a single britch parted her eyes from the proceedings. She picked out the brick with her scissors, and saw something of the installation of a new member. But she lost her nerve, attempted to escape hurriedly, and was stopped by the guard at the door.

What to do with her was the problem, for she was under no bligation.

ly, and was stopped by the guard at the door.
What to do with her was the problem, for she was under no obligation of secrecy as to what she had seen. It is said that her own brother proposed her immediate execution. But milder counsels prevalled. She was compulsorily initiated as a Freemason, and until her death, in 1773, she took a vivid interest in the craft as the only female Mason on earth. The wonder is that none of the modern and monstrous regiment of women has emulated her enterprise.

Winning His Spurs.

A youth of sprightly bearing entered the office of the city editor of a metropolitan paper and thus conversed:

"I beg your pardon," he said: "my name is Jackson" (which it wasn't), "and I am writing for my home paper, the 'Hustler,' of Hooslerville, Indiana, the center of the literary maeistrom, a series of articles on the great city editors of this country."

The editor blushed and bowed—once upon a time he had written an article for a magazine.

"Anything I can do for you," he said, waving his hand in sign of absolute submission.

waving his hand in sign of absolute submission.

"Well," said the young man, with a reportorial rush, "I want to ask a few questions, as I want to make my story natural and lifelike—newspapery, you understand, rather than magaziney. The 'Hustler' is a weekly—one dollar per year in advance—now is the time to subscribe. What is your full rame, when and where were your full rame, when and where were your full rame, when and where were your full rame? "The editor supplied the needed information.

formation.
"Thanks," responded the interviewer "Thanks," responded the interviewer, making a note with a stub of a lead pencil on n vest-pocket pad. "Married or single, what's your wife's name, got any children, if so how many, boys or girls or both, any twins, if so how many?"

editor staggered a little, but an

swered.

"Good enough," and the interviewer made some more notes. "What political party do you belong to, what church if any, what clubs are you a member of, what secret societies, do you own a yacht, automobile, horse, or bicycle?"
This time the editor backed away, but filled and came up with his answers.

swers.
"I wouldn't 'a' thought it," said the "I wouldn't 'a' thought it," said the young man, making further notes. "Now, if you will kindly tell me how much salary you get, who is your tailor, do you live in a flat or a house, who is your barber, where do you get your drinks—when you pay for them your-self—what cigars do you smoke other than O P's, do you play golf, poker, tennis, tiddledewinks, are your teeth filled with gold or amalgam, got any allment or fads, who is your favorite author, what is your favorite breakfast food, do you bet on the races, if so how often do you walk home, do you expect to become a millionaire, got any so how often do you walk home, do you expect to become a millionaire, got any pull with trust magnates, do you wear a silk hat to church, ever been run down by a street car or an automobile, ever been arrested, do you believe in reform, if so who ought to get it, who's your choice for President, do you—"
For ages, it seemed to him, the editor was trying to stop the interviewer, but he was not successful until he had made a superhuman effort.
"For haven's sake, man." he ex-

but he was not successful until he had made a superhuman effort.

"For heaven's sake, man," he exclaimed at last, "hold up! What in thunder do you mean, anyhow?"

"What do I mean what?" replied the interviewer, gazing innocently and with surprise at the editor.

"Asking me all those questions?" gasped the editor, getting his wind once more.

"Why, my dear sir," explained the visitor, in a hurt tone, "that isn't very many, is it? I am not half through with you yet. You don't suppose I can get the career of a lifetime in half a dozen questions, do you? Now, if you will just let me go on. Are you—?"

The editor held up his hand warningly.

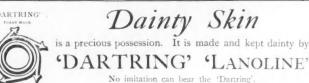
"Have you a permanent job with your Indiana newspaper?" he enquired.
"No, but I shall have when I have landed this series of interviews. They will be corkers and no mistake."
"No doubt of that at all," smiled the editor. "How would you like to have a place on this paper?"
The young man's heart began to beat like a trip-hammer.
"Oh, I don't know," he said, airily. "I come pretty high, you know."
"How would twenty a week strike you, with a raise after sixty days if you prove your mettle?"

you, with a raise after sixty days if you prove your mettle?"
"You couldn't boost those figures to twenty-five, could you? It costs money to keep up with New York, you know," and he had never had more than nine dollars a week in his whole journalistic experience.
"I'll agree to make it twenty-five at the end of sixty days if you are the goods," said the editor.
"When do you want me to begin?"
"Right now."
The new reporter stood up.

"Right now."

The new reporter stood up.
"Thanks," he said. "May I go across
the street and kill a friend who is wait-

Spring Purity To brew good ale pure, hard water is an absolute ne-The solvent powers of water are so great that few springs produce water pure enough for brewing. Carling's springs were discovered after many years of searching, and the brewery established only when Government analysts deposed that the water never tested less than 99.08 degrees pure. Ask for Carling's Ale-accept no other, because no other is quite so good.



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TEACHER'S **HIGHLAND** CREAM

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GEO. J. FOY, Agent, TORONTO.

Guessing at the heat of an oven spoils more food than inexperienced cooks. Dainty pastry and delicate cakes are ruined if the oven is too hot or not

hot enough. The oven thermometer of the Imperial Oxford Range does away with all guesswork. The least experienced can tell to a certainty when the oven is ready for baking or roasting Every housekeeper will appreciate this convenience of the

Imperial Oxford Range

Most cooking failures may be traced to the fact that you don't know your oven. With the Imperial Oxford Range you know that the heat of the oven is evenly distributed and its exact



The Gurney Foundry Co.

Toronto, Canada Montreal, Winnipeg

dead if 1 got a 5.5.

He disappeared, and when he came back smiling, the city editor was torn by conflicting doubts, but he put him to work and he got the "ralse" at the end of sixty days.—W. J. Lampton in the "Cosmopolitan."

So prevalent has become the custom among women moving in London society of increasing their means for adding to their wardrobe by "touting" for trades people that the following advertisement was unblushingly inserted

in a London newspaper recently:

"A lady moving in good society is re

ticle of jewelry; liberal remuneration. Strict secrecy."

It is well known that it is no uncommon thing for a delicate suggestion to be made at fashionable shops that in return for a tactful recommendation the firm would be only too delighted to supply dresses, hats or shoes, as the case may be, gratis, even paying a commission upon new orders obtained. The automobile boom opened up a fresh field for women touts, and one female expert driver in the social world is known to have cleared some hundred pounds as a commission in a very short time.

But it would appear this system of female touting is done in London to an almost incredible extent, women acting as secret agents for wine merchants, soap manufacturers, and even

acting as secret agents for whe her-chants, soap manufacturers, and even as touts for money-lenders, while there are several so-called "men about town" whose only income is derived from commissions for one service or another.

Cupid at Church.

Cupid is everywhere, we know, and always busy, but it is not usually be-lieved that he is partial to going to church. As a rule, his church-going duties are more honored in the breach

than in the observance, for he is fond-"What do you mean?"
"Just what I say. He said he'd drop add if I got a job, and I'm going to ill him."
He disappeared, and when he came ack smiling, the city editor was torn y conflicting doubts, but he put im to work and he got the "raise" at he end of sixty days.—W. J. Lampton he "Cosmopolitan."

Women "Touts."

So prevalent has become the custom mong women moving in London soliety of increasing their means for their "unseemly demonstrations" whatever they may be—that suggestion have been invited from the rest of the congregations as to how the ofof the congregations as to how the of-fenders may be dealt with.—English paper.

Beans Would be Cared For.

Even the efforts of the humorists do not seem to have impressed upon the world at large the important place which baked beans occupy in the typical Boston household. A true story which comes directly from the Hub City illustrates the sacredness in which the properly prepared bean is held

there.

A Boston mamma received an unexpected summons one Saturday afternoon which involved her going down town for several hours. "Mamma must go at once," she said to her bright little boy of five years, "but who will take care of the beans in the oven?" I know," came the eager and confident reply, "God will!"

Saint John and New Brunswick, Illustrated.

"Saint John, New Brunswick," is the title of a booklet received from the Tourist Association of St. John, New Brunswick. Much valuable information for the tourist is contained in this booklet, as well as good maps and beautiful illustrations. Copies will be mailed free to any address on application to Mrs. R. E. Olive, secretary New Brunswick Tourist Association, St. John, N.B.



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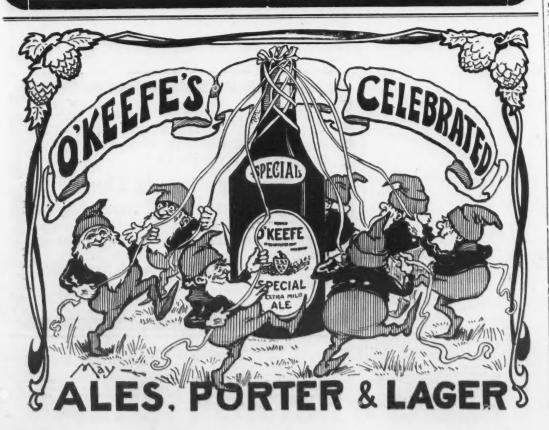
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HE millionaires' craze, automobiling, has been one of the mammoth selfish displays of the many-millioned have raced and rioted in forbidden precincts, and the innocent babe, the worthy horse, and ever the placid cow, have sufficed feeling before taking their eternal rest. Automobiles are capable of great variety, and upon their peculiar frame of mind no man can safely count take to backing and buck-jumping like a broncho? The chauffeur will tell you that things slip and other things don't work, but we know better. The spirit of an activation of the stranger rises to the occasion. "Til show him what he's up against," says she to herself, and when she gets nearly to the top of the long hill says she to herself, and when she gets nearly to the top of the long hill says she to herself, and when she gets may be to the top of the long hill says she to herself, and when she gets may be to the top of the long hill says she to herself, and when she gets may be to the top of the long hill say the she do the stranger drives her backwards into the ditch, he suddenly revives and many surmises as to the first cause of the ditch, he suddenly revives and many surmises as to the first cause of the sizure, she condescends to start off once more, as pleasantly as though a short run into the country was the should suddenly take to wallowing has short un into the country was the should suddenly take to wallowing he hough the stranger of the server on the road and jog along as if she were half asleep and thinking of her to-morove on the side of the road with a load of exaperated passengers too far from any should that old lumbering auto, after shying at a coit and careful provided the production of the side of the road with a load of exaperated passengers too far from any to the side of the road with a load of exaperated passengers too far from any to

By the way, have you made the acquaintance of the persistent, determined and sure-to-win Monsieur Santos-Dumont? If not, let us have a look at him together. He is a slight young man of about thirty, with a quiet, good-looking face, dark hair and eyes (he is a Brazilian), and a neat, trim and picturesque way of wearing his clothes; his face looks quite fetching under a flopping Panama hat. Ever since he got his first toy balloon little Alberto has been experimenting with mechanical contrivances for floating free of the earth. Seven years ago, as many of you will remember, he made many of you will remember, he made his first flight (I think at Paris), and in 1991 he won the prize offered for a trip of seven miles made in half an hour. He had half a minute to spare. Monsieur Santos-Dumont has had all sorts of accidents and faced death in the pursuit of his—"craze" I was going to say, but when such enterprises are successful one calls them a better name. He has attained a speed of twenty-five miles an hour, and goes up every day now at Paris, just for fum. It is needless to say that Monsieur Santos-Dumont is wealthy, for building and sailing balloons costs money. There is nothing like the wondrous feeling that one has left the earth behind, the minglings of fear and exhilaration with which one sees it gradually receding, for that is what it appears to do, the ascent of the balloon being quite imperceptible. I went up one day in North Germany in a certain military balloon. It costs, but it is worth it: a unique experience that thrills and satisfies. What was that I was talking about in the other paragraph—a bad-tempered old auto? Let he, let be! Why worry over the things of earth? Let us sit tight and wait for our air-ship.

About this time those happy folk who are not standing to be pinched and many of you will remember, he made his first flight (I think at Paris), and

About this time those happy folk who re not standing to be pinched and rerked by a dressmaker, or crushed to the control of th jerked by a dressmaker, or crushed at a bargain counter, or pommelled at a water cure, are making gardens. There is a particularly disreputable old hat that perennially appears from some secret winter lair, which adorns the head of the male or female gardenold hat that beremially appears from some secret winter lair, which adorns the head of the male or female gardenmaker. It is surprising where one can make garden if one must. The flat roof of a certain little kitchen in this umbrageous city is covered with zinc and battlemented with the same, and when a load of good earth is laid upon a deep layer of sods there grows a glorious little flower garden just fifteen feet square! An invalid girl watches it from a French window and sprays the green things morn and night with a little hose, and many a pretty little bouquet finds a welcome in some hospital or other sick room from the little garden on the kitchen flat roof. I was reading just now that the mind of the porch rooster and stoop squatter has at last reached the comprehension of the vulgarity of spending hours on the edge of a public street. For some seasons we have had a faint fore word of this corclusion in the Japanese awnings and portieres and the striped curtains which householders have used to screen verandahs and stoops. But a little shut-in brick and board cubby hole is not now satisfying, and the above specimens of humanity are going back to the Old Country fashion of the walled garden in rear of the home. Avaunt, ye back yards and hideous sheds, and roll up, ye wire clothesilnes, and enter ye trim little rows of hardy annuals, phlox and mignonette and all the sweet dear brood of you, and instead of weather-beaten or glaring whitewashed fences the soft glow of the brick wall or the cool grey of the stone. As we have agreed not to spend any more money on front fences, let us put it into the solid English brick wall. Behind it we can have vines and ivies and trained fruit-trees, and in the middle of the grass plot a sundial or a tiny "jet d'eau," some little sweet suggestive bit of Old World or nature-world. One could dine in the little summer-house, or, better still, take breakfast there. One could smoke and think and dream there. I am thinking of such a garden in the sub-

urbs of dear dirty Dublin. And just fancy the contrast to the plebeian gaping front door-steps, the middle class camaraderie of adjacent verandahs—the breath of nature and fragrance of flowers and herbs, instead of the arid dust of the asphalt and the stench of the flying auto. Once we made garden in twenty-five by seventeen feet of Mother Earth. The fences were covered with Virginia creeper, the sod fresh and green, the little bed of hardy flowers flourishing and the clothes-lines only out for two hours on Mondays. There was a hammock and much peace and comfort in the tiny sanctuary.

LADY GAY.

Caine, who happened to be present, got up and bowed his acknowledgments.

The real truth of that story is that when the ignorant pittite began his calls in the very middle of the famous "To-be-or-not-to-be" soliloquy, Mr. Caine arose from his seat in the first gallery and, leaning over the rail, called upon one of the ushers to put the obstreperous person out. Nevertheless, the personal resemblance between the Bard of Avon and the sweet singer of Greeba Castle is most pronounced, and the familiarity of Mr. Caine with the fact is only natural. He could not escape the conviction that he is almost a replica of Shakespeare even if he wished to do so, and in his babyhood there is evidence that the precise fact dawned upon his consciousness.

This I know to be the fact, for I was myself lingering in the Stratford Church when the infant Caine, in the arms of his nurse, made his first pillerinage to the shrine of Shakespeare standing before the bust of the immortal playwright, the nurse directed the baby's attention to it, thinking that the more or less primary coloring of the object would prove pleasing to his mind. Nor was she disappointed, for the child immediately began clapping his hands together in the greatest glee. "Me! Me!" he cried.

The Norder Shakespeare sale in the greatest glee. "Me! Me!" he cried.

nference is obvious.

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

Those who suppose that the umbrella is a modern contrivance will be sur-prised to learn that umbrellas may be prised to learn that umbrellas may be found sculptured on some of the Egyptian monuments and on the Nineveh ruins. That umbrellas bearing a close resemblance to those of to-day were in use long before the Christian era is shown by their representation in the designs on ancient Greek vases. The umbrella made its first appearance in London about the middle of the eighteenth century, when one Jonas Hanway, it is said, thus protected himself from the weather at the cost of much ridicule.



"Curling in Canada and the United States," by Rev. John Kerr, is a record of the tour of the Scottish team, 1902-3, and of the game in the Dominion and the Republic, which cannot fail to interest curlers everywhere. The book is handsomely bound and illustrated, the opening pages presenting fine photohandsomely bound and illustrated, the opening pages presenting fine photographs of his Excellency Lord Minto and the Countess of Minto. The account of the visit to Toronto is of particular local interest and is entertainingly described. Altogether, the volume is a credit to the sporting qualities and literary taste of the reverend author. (The Toronto News Company, Limited.) Limited.)

Mr. C. C. James, Deputy Minister of Agriculture for the Province of Ontario, is a politician whose interests are much wider than party or department, in evidence of which he has written several studies in Canadian history that are both interesting and valuable. His latest work, "The Second Legislature of Upper Canada (1796-1800)," published in the transactions of the Royal Society of Canada, gives a clear and accurate account of how the gathering of early legislators took place in York in 1796. Most interesting, perhaps, of all these members to Toronto readers is "Christopher Robinson, serving as the knight of the shire for the County of Addington," who, through the Robinson family of Virginia, traced back to a family in Yorkshire, England. Mr. James has been conscientious in his research, and the notes written on each member and his descendants represent hours of historical delving into old records. (Copp, Clark Company, Toronto.) Mr. C. C. James, Deputy Minister of

The author of "Introduction to Dante's Inferno," Mr. Adolphus T. Ennis, announces as his object the quickening of the analytical and comparative faculties of the student of Dante, so as to enable him to arrive at the true synthesis of the Divine Comedy. Those who expect a dull, text-book order of writing will be agreeably surprised by the vigor and freshness shown in every one of the thirty-four chapters, each of which has the virtue of brevity. The descent to the third circle is the most graphic feature of the "introduction," although the closing paragraphs are at variance with the modern spirit, which, indeed, is a far cry from the spirit of the great Florentine. the spirit of the great Fl (Richard G. Badger, Boston.)

"King Assarhadon," by Count Leo Tolstoy, is a collection of three short stories, each of which is intended to enforce a great principle. The first is the story of how the cruel and selfish King Assarhadon, by some magic process, was changed into the enemy whom he was oppressing, in order that he "might see how he liked it." But, when the author makes King Assarhadon into a donkey in order that the haughty monarch may realize the sufferings of the poor dumb brutes, the grocesque has been reached, and the unregenerate reader is tempted to smile rather than weep. Tolstoy is eternally painting a scene of gloom and then calling upon us to love one another. If he would put a little sunshine on the canvas we should feel infinitely obliged to the man whose strength is often obscured by his extravagance. (London: The Free Age Press.)

"Marriage and the Kingdom of Womanhood," by L. G. Cawsey, is a pamphlet that treats from an idealistic standpoint such matters as "fashion" and "marriage." To give some indication of its rare atmosphere the following sentence might be quoted: "Rising out of those distant aeons of time Impossible of computation by human methods, the kingdom of womanhood dates co-evally with all loveliness and truth, which never had beginning, and which shall neverend." Far otherwise is the author's estimate of man: "It cannot be said of man, as of woman, that in marriage he has compromised with his ideals, for in that matter he has none." Even more significant in this age when so much rubbish is talked by President Roosevelt and others on the glory and magnificence of the large family is the declaration—"Nature everywhere repudiates the assumption that the resemblance to those of to-day were in use long before the Christian era is shown by their representation in the designs on ancient Greek vases. The umbrella made its first appearance in London about the middle of the eightness that the century, when one Jonas Hanway, it is said, thus protected himself from the weather at the cost of much ridicule.

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Clerk—No; but we have something just as Bod.

Patron—I want something just as meaning the has compromised with his marriage he has co

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if everyone practised the author's be-liefs, whereas we are very far from the gates of Eden. (Toronto: The Mus-son Book Company, Limited.)

megates of Eden. Toronto. The Marson Book Company, Limited.)

"The Merchant of Venice" in the first folio edition is admirably edited with notes, introduction, glossary, list of variorum readings, and selected criticism by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke. The text has a quaint and immediate interest, such as no other can afford, and the editors have done their duty faithfully to the last selected criticism. The introduction is so intelligently written that one is almost deluded into the belief that there is something new to be said about Shylock and Portia. The concluding question is suggestive:—"Was Shakespearafraid that he had opened the gates of heaven too wide since he gave the last speech to the material-minded Gratiano?—reminding us that there were still immortal souls incapable of catching even an overtone of the immortal music." (New York: Thomas L. Crowell & Co.)

Other books received are: "Millennial

"Strong Mac," by S. R. Crockett, is a love story, beginning with the school days of the hero and heroine, with the path of this love made very rough by two rivals, a drunken father and a stubborn, clear-headed heroine. It is a Scotch tale filled with quaint touches of Scotch life. It is perhaps not as strong as some of Crockett's other stories, but it is a simple story gracefully told, bearing a marked difference to the average romantic novel in the nature of its incidents. At some points it is harrowing, but not melodramatic, and the characters impress one as being eminently real. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Company).

A Wall Street Triak

A Wall Street Trick.

A Wall Street Trick.

A Wall street manipulator of stocks nad lost heavily in a certain deal. To add to his chagrin, all the younger men on the street who had reaped dollars at his expense evinced their elation in his very face. Whereupon the great manipulator planned a merciless vendetta. One afternoon he rushed into a broker's office in the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel where many of the younger speculators were gathered. Altogether he created an impression of having something of grave import on hand, playing his partilke a born actor. He did pause long erough, however, to take a card from his pocket, glance at it as if consulting a memorandum, replace it; then strode out of the room. During this pantonime a bit of paper fluttered to the floor.

The moment the big man was out of

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The moment the big man was out of sight the paper was read: "Buy me all the Blank Common you can get at any price below par." Here was a tip worth a fortune. Blank evidentity was about to soar skyward. They would have still another laugh at the big man's still another laugh at the big man's expense. So they formed a pool, and next day bought thousands of shares of Blank Common.

A few days later Blank dropped a dozen points; and still another dozen loss when the laugh was on him. Then, loss when the laugh was on him. Then,

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At the Graphic Arts Club.

OWN in Melinda street, just north of the "fire district," the members of the Graphic Arts Club are holding their spring exhibition in two bright rooms, up a narrow flight of stairs, at the head of which you are confronted by a curtain, adorned with Chianti flasks and other artistic devices. The club is young and flourishing, representing a union of the Art Students' League and the Mahlstick Club, and containing members who are old in art and those who are just beginning to "splash at a tenleague canvas." One cheering feature to the patriotic heart is the riotous "Canadianism" of the pictures, for it is high time that our own lands and lakes were being interpreted for us in book and on canvas. Mr. William Wilfrid Campbell's "Lake Lyrics" comes nearer to poetic appreciation than anything else that has been written, and now our artists are waking up to the fact that Brittany, Holland and Norway are not the only countries of artistic opportunities.

now our artists are waking up to the fact that Brittany, Holland and Norway are not the only countries of artistic opportunities.

The three pictures by Mr. D. F. Thomson have a strength and daring that are a welcome element in these days of Gibson and Christy imitations. The coloring in "A Beaver Dam, Algonquin Park," is marvelous in it depth and coolness of effect, while "Lake Opeongo" is the northern country itself—the country of cold gray, steel blue and glints of stormy gold. You must know the country north of Georgian Bay and the sternness of New Ontario to feel at home with "Lake Opeongo" or Mr. A. H. Robson's "Lake Temiskaming," although the latter's work is more finely done in a bit of black-and-white, "Stone Fireplace, Fort Temiskaming," whose old tumbled stones set one a-wondering what the mission looked like in its early days. of black-and-white, "Stone Fireplace, Fort Temiskaming," whose old tumbled stones set one a-wondering what the mission looked like in its early days. Mr. C. M. Manly has some restful studies of hills and valley, of which "The Last Gleam" is most suggestive. A New Yorker, Mr. Wallace Morgan, has a market scene, "Fort de France, Martinique," brilliant with the relentless light of the tropics. You can almost "feel" the blue of the gowns and the scarlet splash of the turban. Mr. C. W. Jefferys has some of his exquisite work in black-and-white, chiefly scenes along the Richelieu. The architectural detail is brought out with startling vividness and delicacy in "St. Denis" and "St. Antoine," while the "Sunset After Rain" is a striking bit of cloud-and-light conflict. "The Duel" introduces the humorous element, especially in the figure of one burly bystander, who seems to enjoy the scrap with all his eyes. The figures are clearly wrought and distinctive, with a vigor and action that delight those who are in search of the "human" interest. Old mills and meadows are all very well, but there's nothing like a scrap. "Young Maples in Autumn" has a fidelity and breeziness that should make Mr. Muir rejoice and break forth in another national song. Usually flower pictures are trivial and tiresome, savoring of parlor tricks and pretty china. But Mr. R. Holmes has six studies that delity and breeziness that should make Mr. Muir rejoice and break forth in another national song. Usually flower pictures are trivial and diresome, savoring of parlor tricks and pretty china. But Mr. R. Holmes has six studies that are a feast and a satisfaction. The "Cardinal Flower" is a brilliant bit, the "Tiger Lily" is a dainty conception, but "Milkweed" is a picture to covet—the very thistledown of art. Mr. Arthur C. Goode's "In Chinatown" is enough to give one bad dreams, his "Cedar and Maple" is a virile piece of coloring and "Kleinburg" is a Canadian "Tarrytown," full of restfulness. Mr. W. T. Beatty has a "Sand and Sky" study that is unusual and realistic, although the lover of action may contemptuously declare "nothing in it." Mr. F. H. Brigden's work is rich and tender in coloring, especially "Fire Weed" and "Poplars." It is utterly Canadian, and gives our woodlands an artistic habitation and a name. Mr. J. D. Kelly's "The Track of the Destroyer" is a warm depiction of our great disaster, with excellent effect of flame and smoke, while his "Thirst" is about as painful and Ancient Marinerish as anything Coleridge could conjure up. Mr. W. W. Alexander has a romantic "Along Shore, Quebec," and some striking book plates. Mr. Owen P. Staples has a "Conestoga" that is a charming study of pastoral German-Canada, while his "Village Herdsman" is the apotheosis of stupidity, the herdsman being the dullest creature who ever afforded the wandering artist an excellent opportunity at "still life." The blues and yellows are cool and comforting, while the cows are "just as if they grew there," as one feminine critic remarked. The "Sketch in Old Quebec" is an interesting glimpse of that old town which is yet the capital of Canada for all the artists and the dreamers. Quebec has never been "captured" except by those who have transferred her charms to canvas or to verse. Other artists represented in the exhibition are Walter R. Duff, Jay Hambidge, J. E. Laughlin, Neil Mc-Kechnle and Thomas McLean. They are bright and f

A Picturesque Name fer Suicide.

A Picturesque Name fer Suicide.

Suicide of lovers in Japan is called heart-death, passion-death, or love-death.

When a youth and maiden would die together, heing forbidden marriage by stern parents, they bind themselves fast together, face to face, with the girl's long crepe, silk girdle, and leap into some deep lake.

Another way of committing "heart-death" is for the lovers to make a little banquet for themselves, write letters to their parents and mix sometiting bitter with their rice-wine, and go to sleep forever.

The sacred forest of Yaegaki is a favorite retreat for youths and maidens, where love omens abound. The enamored cavalier writes the name of his sweetheart upon the polished bark of the bamboo growing in the forest, but he never writes his own name with it. He simply mentions his existence and his age only, as in this touching instance:

"That I may be wedded to Takaki-Toki, I humbly pray. A youth of eighteen."

eighteen."

It argues well for the youth's love affairs if he can bend two branches of the camellia bush together, and keep them united by tying a strip of white paper about them, all with the fingers of one hand.

Next Week at Shea's.

The distinguished actor, Mr. Robert Hilliard, and his company of players will present "No. 973" at Shea's Theater next week. This is a new one-act play by Edwin Holland and Mr. Hilliard, and is said to be even better than Mr. Hilliard's former vaudeville sketch, "The Littlest Girl." Mr. Hilliard appears as the convict, No. 973. He is supported by Mr. Edwin Holland, June Pelton, Fred Maxwell and

The Independent Order of Foresters.

Since the return of the Supreme Chief Ranger from abroad the I.O.F. have held several great functions which indicate how rapidly this institution is growing and show what a strong hold it has upon the insuring public. The re-ception in Toronto to the Supreme Chief Ranger was a wonderful event, Massey Hall being jammed. The Prime Minister occupied the chair and the chief was greeted with a class of considerably over 1,000 new members, to whom he administered the obligation. It was felt that this was probably the highwater mark of Joint Initiations which would be reached for some time, but the number initiated in Toronto was reached and surpassed by Belleville and district where a great gathering was held on the 5th of May, at which the new members initiated totalled 1,063. In Belleville the chief business and professional men of the city were members of the committee which arranged for the event. The Supreme Chief Ranger was tendered a welcome from the Mayor and Council as well as by the members of this great order.

In Montreal upon the 26th of April Hon. Dr. Oronhyatekha addressed over 5,000 people in Sohmer Park, and initiated a class of 626. These gatherings with their immense classes tell a story in themselves, and the end is not here. Quebec City expects to greet the head of the Order in a few weeks with over 1,100 new members. At this point Dr. Oronhyatekha will be bangeted. He will also in the course of the next week or so attend great functions at Dayton and Cincinnati, Ohio. The popularity of the great leader of this Society seems to be growing each day, and the hold which the Society itself has upon the public seems to be ever strengthening. We notice that the accumulated funds of the Society now amount to not very far from \$8,000,000.00. One is almost staggered when he looks back to a period of twenty-three years ago and sees the Treasury of the Order with only \$3.88 in it.

Frank Drake. Something that has never been seen in Toronto before will be offered by Rawson and June. They are boomerang throwers, and are the only people presenting this novelty, which they have perfected after eleven years of hard practice. Mr. Rawson takes a boomerang, throws it over the heads of the audience, and it returns to the stage, striking a target held by Miss June, who is standing behind him. Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Barry will appear in a comedy sketch, entitled "A Skin Game." The Schuyler Sisters, John D. Gilbert, "Comedian at Large," the Parros Brothers, equilibrists, and Martini and Max Millan, eccentrics, together with the kinetograph, will complete a splendid bill.

The Viavi Convention.

The Viavi Convention.

The Toronto Viavi Company, whose offices are in the Confederation Life Building, held their annual convention of managers, travelers, lecturers and representatives on May 4 to 7, inclusive. Over fifty of the leaders in the business gathered from different parts of Ontario and the Dominion and discussed many valuable methods in connection with it. giving special attention to the educational part of the work.

It was shown that the business has increased during the past year in every direction, the increase for Ontario alone being over 300 per cent. over the previous year. Reports from England, the United States and other countries show that a similar increase has been made everywhere in the world.

Greetings and messages came from San Francisco, the home office, and many other places. The convention was an inspiration to all present, for each one realized that she was engaged not simply in a successful business, but in a movement that is revolutionizing the whole world, because it reaches particularly the one who has the greatest influence in making or marring the nations, viz., the wife, mother or daughter, and is also bringing to the sterner sex more vigor and strength, and a greater conception of the laws of nature.

On Thursday evening all attending

and a greater conception of the laws of nature.

On Thursday evening all attending the convention were entertained in the spacious and handsomely fitted offices and parlors of the Viavi Company, being welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. McGaw, and an excellent programme of music and song was presented to them. Light refreshments brought a profitable and enjoyable evening to a close.

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs.
Torkins, "I have done you a great injustice." "In what way?" "I suspected you without reason. I asked several
of your friends that you go out with
of evenings whether you knew how to
play poker, and every one of them



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function at the Cons Music Hall on Tuesday last, on the occasion of the joint recital by Mr. Edwin H. Lemare, the distinguished English organist, and Mr. Robert Stuart Pigott, baritone. Mr. Lemare did not appear as an organist, however, but as solo planist, and also as player of the incidental music by Richard Strauss to Tennyson's "Enoch Arden." Mr. Lemare proved himself to be a planist of considerable facility of execution, and revealed a gentle touch and much delicacy of sentiment. In his accompaniment to Mr. Pigott's recitation of the "Enoch Arden." he showed much sympathy with the music and the incidents narrated by the elocutionist. The "Enoch Arden" music is one of Strauss's early compositions, and compared with his later works, is slight and simple in structure, and abounding in that frank melody with clearly divided sections which he seems to have abandoned of late years. Mr. Lemare's solos were the Chopin Valse in Daminor and his ballade in A flat. Mr. Pigott sang a group of five songs of his own composition, not yet published, all of which were interesting, one of which, in particular, a negro lullaby, was most warmly applauded. The setting of Rossetti's "When I Am Dead" probably commanded the most thoughtful attention of his hearers. Later in the evening he sang Hawley's "Dream," Reynaldo Hahn's "Si mes Vers" and Franz's "Aus meinen grossen Schmerzen." Mr. Pigott has a pieasing mellow baritone of good carrying power, and sings with suavity of style, allied with sentiment. The Strauss cong was one of his best efforts, while the Hahn number was rendered with suggestive contrast of mood. contrast of mood.

contrast of mood.

Mr. Heinrich Klingenfeld delivered a very instructive lecture on "Wagner and His Operas" at the Conservatory of Music on the 5th inst. Mr. Klingenfeld illustrated his remarks with selections from the master's principal operas, which he played on the aeolian orchestrelle. The lecture gave in a popular way the main features of the works touched upon, and also supplied the main facts in the composer's artistic career. To amateurs who have no time to spare in devotion to musical literature Mr. Klingenfeld's lecture must be extremely helpful in enabling them to better understand the aim and scope of Wagner's operatic reform.

Mr. G. D. Atkinson has resigned his

Mr. G. D. Atkinson has resigned his position as organist and choirmaster of Dundas Center Methodist Church, London, Ont., to resume his former place at Wesley Church, Toronto. Although residing in the Forest City since September he has maintained his local teaching connection, and will now be able to devote himself exclusively to his work.

A few errors crept in in the report last week of the recital of original compositions by pupils of Mr. Humfrey Anger. The anthem "Christ, Our Passover," was sung by a quartette, for which Mrs. Parker, and not Dr. Ham, was responsible, and it was Mr. Anger mimself who presided at the organ. Dr. Ham kindly assisted on the occasion by providing a quartette for the performance of the madrigal, "Song of the

The death of Anton Dvorak at the mewhat early age of sixty-three ears has removed the greatest melosit, saving Grieg, of the later days of eteenth century. While Dvorak

34-1

Mr. W. O. Forsyth, Chopin and Wagthe Conservatory
in Tuesday evening
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Edwin H. Lemare,
the English organRobert Stuart PigLemare did not apits, however, but as
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y Richard Strauss
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iself to be a planist
cellity of execution.

Mr. W. O. Forsyth, Chopin and Wagner-Brassin, abounding in difficulty,
but which were presented with technical facility and convincing expression.

Miss Louise Watt, violinist, pupil of
Miss Harder, gave a gavotte by
Carl Bohm and, as a recall number, a
broad style and with a sympathetic
and true tone. Miss Gwendolyn Roberts accompanied the vocal and violin
selections with discretion and efficiency.

Mr. Le Grand Beed is in Toronto.

Mrs. Le Grand Reed is in Toronto again, after a year's study in London under Sir George Powers.

It has long been a mystery why so many people with no more voice than a crow will persist in singing on every possible occasion before their friends, to their great discomfort. It has been suggested that such persons are afflicted with an inordinate vanity that makes them deaf to their own unmusical sounds. After reading, however, a report of an experiment conducted by Dr. L. Laloy, described by him in "La Nature," Paris, one comes to the conclusion that vanity has little to do with the phenomenon. Dr. Laloy says: "If a person records on a phonograph a few sentences pronounced by himself, together with others by his friends, and causes the machine to reproduce these at the end of a brief period, it generally happens that he easily recognizes his friends, you can be some content of the complex of the content of the conte causes the machine to reproduce these at the end of a brief period, it generally happens that he easily recognizes his friends' voices, but not his own. On the other hand, the friends recognize his voice perfectly. This singular fact proves that everyone hears his own voice differently from others. As is remarked by Professor Exner, the difference must lie in the quality of tone. It must be remembered that one hears his own voice not only through the air, as do his auditors, but across the solid parts situated between the organs of speech and those of hearing. The sound thus produced has a different timbre from that conducted to the ear alone. We may show this as follows: Take the end of a wooden rod between the teeth and pronounce a vowel continuously. Let the other end be alternately taken between the teeth and released by another person who at the same time stops his ears. The latter will find that every time he seizes the rod in his teeth the sound becomes stronger than when it reaches his ear through air alone, and has a different quality. The experiment may be varied by applying a wooden rod to the larynx of the person observed, and touching it from time to time to the observer's own larynx. As in the preceding case, it will be found that its passage through a solid body augments its quality."

The correspondent of the Berlin "Tageblatt" at Rome comments on the ill favor with which the new Pope's order regarding the revival of the Gregorian chant in churches has been received there. Few seemed willing to give up the operatic and other secular tunes that have hitherto delighted them in the churches. "The town musicians, loath to see their scant income still further diminished, the countless music-lovers who went to the churches to hear bright music gratis, the priests, music-lovers who went to the churches to hear bright music gratis, the priests, the congregations—in short, everybody protested. And it actually happened that not a few bishops, in view of the threatening attitude of the public, begged permission of the Vatican to postpone the change. Not so in Rome, where on the day of the St. Gregory jubilee the Gregorian chant was first introduced with a choir including 1,200 to 1,500 boys. The results, unfortunately, did not meet expectations. On the contrary, notwithstanding the excellent training of the singers, the Roman pubpowers har enrowed the greatest mission of the water days of the latter days of the state days of the latter days of the state days of the latter days of the latter

larly unique and, to him, pleasant experience in England last summer. He came in contact for the first time in his life with an English-speaking orchestra- had the pleasure of rehearsing with them and conducting them at one of the English festivals in September. He goes on to say: "The Philharmonic Society of New York was founded in 1842. Eighty per cent. of its membership then was German. Their percentage has steadily increased, until by this time it must be near one hundred. The Boston Symphony Orchestra, without foreigners, would be reduced to a few strings and percussion instrument players; all, I think, still provided with German names. With all respect, all appreciation and a hearty liking and affection for my friends and fellow-workers, the German and French musicians in America, colleagues as sincere and devoted as one can wish to have, I am not discourteous, and I trust I shall not offend in saying I hope that the time may come soon when we shall be able to stand upon our own feet. There is an English orchestra in London, and an excellent one. In Paris we find one stand upon our own feet. There is an English orchestra in London, and an English orchestra in London, and an excellent one. In Paris we find one composed of Frenchmen, in Berlin one of Germans, in St. Petersburg a Russian, and in Rome an Italian orchestra. These excite no surprise or even comment. Why should there not be an American orchestra in this country?" Mr. Parker has commented upon a fact that is patent to everyone not born in the United States. The reason is obvious. The citizens of the United States do not care to go into the study of music, because they fancy there is little money to be made out of it, and partly perhaps because they are too tle money to be made out of it, and partly perhaps because they are too impatient to devote many years of their lives to the diligent study of an instrument. They prefer professions or callings in which smartness will count. But mere smartness will never make one a good violinist or pianist, although it may make one a fake voice culturist.

The closing musical attractions for the season at the Princess Theater will be the return engagement of the "Red Feather" company and the revival of "Erminie" by Francis Wilson and his

The Toronto Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Mr. Grattan, gave its final "sacred" concert of the season last Sunday at the Grand Opera House. There was a large attendance, and most of the numbers were received with appreciative applause. If the undertaking is to be carried on next season it will have to be placed on a paying basis. Silver collections at the door, to which a large proportion of the visitors contribute only five cents each, will obviously not do this. The question is how to charge a fee that will return the players some remuneration for their time and trouble without rendering the promoters liable to a prosecution for violating the sanctity of the Sabbath. CHERUBINO.

The Amateur Bulbists.

We plant the tulip bulbs in glee,
The crocuses we too submerge,
With snowdrops and leucojum too,
Deep in the dreary border's verge.
Narcissus of the smelly kind,
Oxalis, Iris and the squill,
Sparaxis, bulbocodium,
We bury with the best good will.
Then filled with bliss our earthly cup
If any one of them comes up.
—"Town Topics."

In Gay Port Arthur.

The following extracts are from the Port Arthur "Novikrai":

Port Arthur "Novikrai":
Several shells fell in our midst yesterday.
General Kouropatkin arrived from Harbin yesterday. He is regarded as a harbinger of better things.
We thought we heard an explosion in the arsenat this a.m., but investigation showed it to be a false report. Admiral Togo paid us a flying visit yesterday. Come again, Tog.
The torpedo boat Huchikuchi has not returned from her visit to the outside. It is feared that her crew has gone to a watery grave.

Bill Bonesky says this is the worst spring he has known in fifty-three years. He predicts shell-storms for the next three months.

The hail of shells is damaging the

The hail of shells is damaging the crops some.

One swallow doesn't make a spring, but one shell does.

Don't be a knocker. Help along the town. Paint your barn. Sweep the powder off the lawn. Don't leave bombs in the street. Boost. Talk Port Arthur. Get in and advertise. Send the "Novikrai" to your friends. Get your name in the despatches. Advertise, advertise, advertise, Subscribers killed during a bombardment must notify the "Novikrai" office. Papers sent after subscriber expires will be charged for.

quisitely carved, with a projecting mantel over the wide fireplace. The tables, chairs and bahuts are of the same period (early fifteenth century) as the room, and not less finely carved. One of the bahuts—or massive dining-room presses, that in the olden time preceded the buffet—is filled with table linen, tankards and ewers in silver, and a few knives and two-pronged forks, which began to creep into France from Milan and Venice in the time of Valentina Visconti, Duchess of Orleans. Knights then cut their food with daggers, and if they dined in the company of ladies, cut theirs also to sop up gravy and take up bits of meat to the mouth. Table napkins, in strong linen, resembling fine canvas, have openwork hems. The delft dinner service is imitated from the old Rouen at the Cluny Museum. Red roses that would bear examination under the magnifying glass form the principal decoration. By the way, did the rose of the House of Lancaster come, not from the Temple Garden, but from Normandy? The orient window of the toy dining-room is in colored glass, and is a poem.

Abbreviated Verse.

An ambitious and young LL.D.
Was invited one day to a T
At the Y. M. C. A.,
And he felt like a J
On forgetting to R. S. V. P.
—"Answers."

The Sitting Age.

This is a sitting age. We sit here, we sit there, we sit everywhere. The average schoolboy is just arriving at the age of 14. Including the usual time of sitting at school and at home, and of lying in bed, he will have been sitting down and lying down about eleven years out of the fourteen. Probably this may not be wholly unconnected with the alleged declension of British physique.—"Magazine of Commerce."

The Royal Standard.

The English Royal standard, which is of the best silk, is never, says a contemporary, carried into action, even though the Sovereign in person commands the army. An heraldic manuscript of the sixteenth century prescribes that the Royal standard "shall be set before the kynges pavilion or tente, and not be borne in battayle, and to be in length eleven yards." The Royal standard is never holsted on ships, except when the Sovereign is on board or a member of the Royal Family other than the Prince of Wales. When he is on board his own standard is holsted, It is the same as that of the Sovereign, except that it bears a label of three points, with the arms of Saxony on an escutcheon of pretense. Wherever the Sovereign is residing the Royal standard is holsted, and on Royal apriliversaries or State occasions it is holsted at certain fourtresses or standards is solisted. The English Royal standard, which appliversaries or State occasions it is hoisted at certain fortresses or sta-tions—home and foreign—specified in the King's regulations, but nowhere

Ethel-Marry him! Why, I'd die first! Edith--Nonsense, dear. He is not as strong as he looks.-"Puck."

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The Misses Sternberg PHYSICAL CULTURE AND DANCING St. George's Hall Society Dancing, Simpson Hall, 734 Yonge Street, Saturdays, 8 p.m.

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PROFESSIONAL.

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RAILWAY TRANSPORTATION.



SINGLE FARE **VICTORIA DAY**

Going May 21, 22, 23, 24, returning until May 25th.

Between all Stations in Canada, Port Arthur and East.

A. H. Notman, Asst. General Passenger Agent, Toronto.

GRAND TRUNK FAILWAY

WEDDING TRIPS.

When you are making your arrangements remindent that the Grand Trunk is a popular line for wedding trips, as it reaches the principal points of interest. St. Lawrence River, White Meuntains, Seaside Resorts, Portland, Bosten, New York, making direct connection for all ports on Musicola Lakes, Lake of Bays, Georgian Bay, and ports on Upper Lakes. Tickets are on sale comprising trip through the Upper Lakes and Highlands of Ontario, and to Eastern points.

VICTORIA SINGLE FARE FOR ROUND TRIP

••• DAY ••• Going May 21, 22, 23 and 24th
Limited to May 25th, 1904. \$19.20 St. Louis—World's Fai GOOD FOR 15 DAYS. Stop over allowed at Canadian Sta-tions, also Detroit and Chicago.

Tickets and further information at City Ticket Office, North-west Corner King and Yonge Streets.

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Church Union.

Sermon Preached at the Unitarian Church, Toronto, on Sunday, May 8, 1904, by Rev. J. T. Sunderland.

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Church Union.

Sermon Preached at the Unitarian Church. Torosto, on Sunday, May 8, 1994, by Rev. J. T.

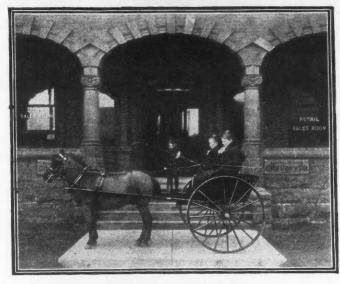
HERE is a great deal being and provided the pages of the many articles to the pages of the pages of the work that they are typically and the Christian Connection—apportude of the practiceability and vision of cooperating more closely than they had any foregraph of the prescription of the practiceability and vision of cooperating more closely than they had any foregraph of the prescription of the presc

sught to go to one church, but it is not on easy to make them do it.

Nor is the emulation, the competition, if you please to call it so, the rivairy, of churches, wholl it so, the rivairy of churches, wholl it is a competition, the let a man start a second store, on the opposite corner, and the first man will wake up, become it is a competition, and the first man will wake up, become it is a competition, and the first man will wake up, become it is a competition, and the first man will wake up, become it is a competition, and the first man will wake up, become it is a competition of the comp

The Bent of Andrew Carnegie.

The tendency of Andrew Carnegie to The tendency of Andrew Carnegie to the generous, almost lavish, distribu-tion of libraries has been marked from his earliest childhood. While I was not consciously present upon the occa-sion, a well-authenticated instance of this trait comes to me from a source City Dairy



FIRST PRIZE PONY AND OUTFIT.

Children's Prize Competition.

IS COMPETITION is open to all children of City Dairy customers, and is inaugurated to get our retail business more firmly established on the ticket system.

A prize coupon is issued with each dollar's worth of City Dairy Milk tickets, and the prizes will be awarded September 15th to the forty children who deliver on or before September 10th the largest number of coupons. In case any of the cash prize winners "tie" the prizes will be divided equally.

*** PRIZES ***

1st-Pony and Outfit. 2nd-\$75.00 in Gold. 3rd - \$50.00 in Gold. 4th—Bicycle (suitable for winner). 5th—Bicycle (suitable for winner). 6th to 15th inc.—\$5.00 each in Gold.

40 prizes in all, and every boy, and girl in Toronto has an equal chance of winning. Send your name and address to us on a post-card and we will tell you how to win.

Address CITY DAIRY CO., Limited

16th to 40th inc.—\$2.00 each.

"CHILDREN'S COMPETITION Spadina Crescent, Toronto, Ontario.

in which I place the greatest reliance. As reported to me, the young hero of the story was but four years of age when the incident occurred, and, though it attracted considerable attention at the time, it has long since been forgotten, probably even by the philanthropist himself.

It was a bleak winter's night in Scotland. The heavy winds were blowing over the kail and the distant summit of Ben Nevis was covered with snow. The elder Carnegle returning at night to his home retired after dinner to his library, and in the course of time having occasion to refer to the Encyclopaedia Britannica, discovered that it was missing. Thorough search of the dwelling failed to disclose the whereabouts of the lost volume, until finally little Andrew, sleeping peacefully in his crib, was awakened and questioned. "Has baby seen anything of papa's Encyclopaedia Britannica?" he was asked.

"Why, yes," replied the child, sitting up and rubbing his eyes sleepily.

asked.
"Why, yes," replied the child, sitting up and rubbing his eyes sleepily.
"There was a poor woman with a baby in her arms came here to-day and asked for some bread."
"Well? Go on," said the elder Carnegie.

of your library as she could carry. She took the encyclopaedia and three volumes of Homer."
It is said by those who may be said to know that it was from what followed this avowal that Mr. Carnegie's recently declared disapproval of Homer dates. JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

Luxury in Travel.

Canadians are proud of the Grand Trunk's International Limited, which arrives in Toronto daily at 4.40 p.m. from Montreal, and enjoy recommending it to their friends, knowing that, in addition to fast time, punctuality and courteous employees, in the cafe car the best of everything to eat and drink may be obtained. The train leaving Toronto at 9 a.m., reaching Montreal at 6 a.m., carries the same equipment. The "Eastern Flyer," the business man's train, now leaves Toronto at 10.30 p.m., reaching Montreal at 7.30 a.m., and so popular has it become that three and oftentimes more sleepers are attached, as well as a Pullman to Ottawa. This train carries only first-class passengers. Note.—Every mile of the Grand Trunk between Toronto and Montreal is double track. Reservations should be made at city office, north-west corner King and Yonge streets.

The Politician.

Who says, "I love the people so!"
Then to the trough doth straightly go
And in himself the contents stow?
The politician.

Who at the trough doth shove and pull? Who pulls the wires, and pulls the wool Across our eyes, until he's full? The politician.

Who says, "A patriot sure am I!"
Then turns to feed on public pie,
Or haply in his chosen sty?
The politician.

Who with his hand your own doth whack. The while the other grips the sack— I mean the one behind his back? The politician.

Who greets you with a cheery smile, And counts you victim of his guile, The which you'll be if chump's your style? The politician.

Who are the victims of his tricks?
Who are the dunces he doth mix.
Until they're in an awful fix?
All of us.

Simple, useful, inexpensive and novel.



Patented Dec. 15, '03. No. 84429.

The Elder Extension Sideboard really provides a dinner wagon or serving table without using any extra space and at practically no extra cost.

It is so simple and useful one wonders why it was not thought of before. It consists of a slide just under the top of the sideboard, extends full length of sideboard, and may be used from either end. As it is out of sight when not in use the marks of hot dishes, etc., are no disfigurement. It is particularly desirable in a dining room

where space is limited. Made in 10 styles of Sideboards, also as a buffet.

All in polished quartered oak; Buffet also in mahogany.

Prices from \$22 to \$65.

When you buy a sideboard why not have this useful invention?

Sold at all leading dealers throughout Canada and at the following Toronto dealers:—T. Eaton Co. (Limited), John Kay, Son & Co. (Limited), Robert Simpson Co. (Limited), The Adams Furniture Co. (Limited), The J. F. Brown Co. (Limited), F. C. Burroughs Co., The Bedell Furnishing Co., E. Vivian, J. & J. L. O'Marley.

Canada Furniture Manufacturers, Limited,

FROCK SUIT.

Semi-ready frock suits are genuine masterpieces of sartorial art! Each suit is made with the

most scrupulous care—the breast and shoulder shapes of canvas and haircloth are pressed with the iron and then firmly sewn into form until the chest effect and broad, smooth, natural

shoulder are as carved of marble. Fabrics of cheviots—dressed and undressed worsteds. Linings -throughout with satin duchesse or silk serge with lapel facings of armure and bird's-eye weaves.

It is an extremely elegant garment.

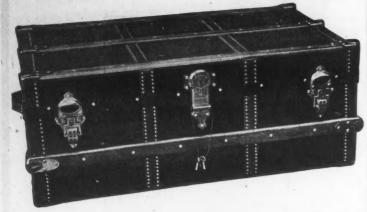


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is the Trunk that answers all requirements

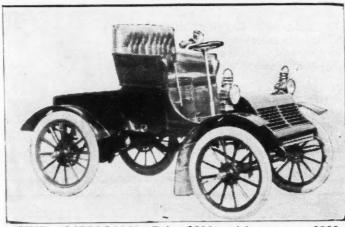


The trunk we show is our No. 852, and we know from experience that it will last years of hard travel.

Three sizes—32-inch, \$9.00; 34-inch, \$9.50; 36-inch,

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'THE AMERICAN"-Price \$800; with tonneau, \$900.

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Agents for the most successful automobiles in general use in America. Our variety represents satisfactory cars

> PACKARD, PEERLESS THOMAS AUTOCAR

New York Letter.

(From our special correspondent.)

The same moment that the Japanese forces under General Kuroki were advancing along the Yalu, the 48th Highlanders of Toronto were marching victorious through the streets of New York, to the wheezy, comic strains of the ancient bagpipe. New York's capitulation to the handsome invaders was as complete as that of Antung or Feng-Weng-Chang, and the gallant "Kilties," as they are familiarly called hereabout, simply "owned the town" from the moment they detrained until their departure. In this time they have tasted "American" hospitality to the full (there is no hidden meaning in the word), and those who have proved it know that the "American" soldier is a perfect host and a perfect pentleman, and the Highlander's capacity was the only limit to the entertalnment provided for him. Popular demonstrations, too, greeted every appearance they made on the street, and the old familiar pipes that accompanied their march seemed to discover the "ancient blood of the Scot" in many a citizen who, from habit merely, wrote himself an—American. And what memories are incarnate in those old weird bags! But you will never properly realize this until their barbaric strains come to greetyou, an exile in a foreign land.

The big military tournament in Madison Square Garden is an annual affair of international size, and the programme is contributed to by the pick of the United States soldiery. There are manual and physical exercises, musical rides, artillery exercise, naval brigade practice, wall scaling, tent pitching and striking, and cavalry drill with "daring feats of horsemanship." And that Canada has in her citizen soldiery material to compete with the flower of the soldiery of this great country is no small matter for self-satisfaction and pride. The Highlanders not only held their own, but proved one of the two most interesting features of the tournament. As guests they were accorded first place on the programme, though in this connection none remarked the absence of such show of courtesy in the (From our special correspondent.)

where, and to witness it was a peculiar joy.

The splendid physique of the Canadians, their soldierly bearing, the military precision of their movements, were the subject of favorable comment everywhere, but when the red-klited line swung into the vast arena nightly, led by its own pipers, the mighty cheering of the ten thousand people present proved not only their popularity, but the splendid good-fellowship that prevailed. They made the handsomest showing undoubtedly, and would have held the front of the stage on this account alone, but, what is of more immeld the front of the stage on this acount alone, but, what is of more imourtance, their work was equal to any
work done there, and this fact was apmerciated and generously acknowedged. In saying this one has to admit that the Canadian drill-book is still
numbered somewhat with a certain
eremoniousness, a punctiliousness if
you like, which, while it looks admirtible on parade, gives the advantage in
juickness of evolutions to the "Amerian" soldiery. This is apparent even
when we have allowed for the difference between light and heavy infanry. In mounted and artillery exercises
there was nothing at the tournament

when we have allowed for the difference between light and heavy infantry. In mounted and artillery exercises there was nothing at the tournament to surpass in this respect the work of the Canadian Dragoons, say, or the Kingston battery, with which your own tournaments have made you familiar. A feature of special interest, and the one that divided honors with the "Kilities" as a popular attraction, was a very realistic performance of tentpitching, followed by a night attack. Each soldier carried half a tent, rolled like a great-coat, and in a twinkling this company had converted the arena into a picturesque camp ground dotted with tents. "Lights" was sounded, and to make the scene quite realistic the lights in the building were turned out. All was quiet for a noment, then a shot, and on every side of the enclosure, in less time than it takes to tell it, the disturbed camp had formed a firing line and were pouring a deadly hall into an imaginary enemy. It was well and quickly done, and interesting as a practical illustration of what can be realized in the equipment of a modern army for forced marching.

These visits of the Highlanders are no doubt a great boon to Toronto and Canada, and too much cannot be said in praise of the enthusiastic officers who have made such enterprises possible, at some considerable sacrifice to themselves. And, while we are on the subject, what a splendid impression the Queen's Own Bugle Band would make at one of these tournaments! There is certainly nothing to equal them in New York, and possibly not in the entire military service of the country. In fact, they would be a revelation to the "bugling" hereabout. Canada has been obscure and unknown long enough, and any effort to advertise her abroad ought to be heartily supported.

I noticed Lady Laurier in a private box at one of the evening performances. She is a frequent visitor in New York, and I am told has hosts of friends in the city.

n the city. Saturday was the day of the annual

in the city.
Saturday was the day of the annual police parade, and the event proved as popular and attractive as ever. Five thousand of the force was spared for the "line-up." and the sight of these big, burly fellows moving up Broadway in "front form," company, battalion after battallon, foot, mount and bicycle, was like the advance of a great army, and as fine a military sight as one could wish to see in the streets of a city. The marching was excellent, every line a solid wall, and if the rests were frequent and prolonged, they were weil deserved. From the Battery to 40th street is no short step, and when you add to that an avoirdupois of fifty pounds or so overweight, and a thermometer in the seventies, you have given any policeman exercise enough for a good twelvemonth.

In one way or another the New York

Seven to thirty horse power—two, three and four cylinder equipment.

These cars have been selected from the wide field of American manufacture and recommended to purchasers desiring reliable, noiseless, non-vibrating automobiles and runabouts.

Automobile Corner

BAY AND TEMPERANCE STREETS

CANADA CYCLE & MOTOR CO., LIMITED.

CANADA CYCLE & MOTOR CO., LIMITED.

Seven to thirty horse power—two, three and four cylinder equipment.

The New York policeman has not been famed as long, nor as well perhaps, as the London "bobby," who favored us with a sample the other day on his way to St. Louis, but that takes time. That he is popular in his own city was amply proved by the crowds that took up positions early along the line of march and cheered its progress heartily. What with his usual slouching gait and frock coat, he is not, in the individual, a particularly imposing figure, at least not to one accustomed to the immaculate Toronto type, and I believe it was a New York policeman who told an enquirer that Madison avenue ran "paralyzed" to Fifth. But in the aggregate, as he revealed himself to us, one day, he seemed imposing enough to uphold the majesty of the law anywhere and under any conditions, and to deserve the reputation he has achieved. Next week the firemen have their outing, when the "greatest fire brigade in the world" will parade for its annual admiration and inspec-

tion. The taxpayer has this opportunity annually to see what he is paying for in police and fire protection.

A parade of quite a different character (socially) was that of the Coaching Club to Morris Park for the race meet. Eighteen private drags were in line, and the equipages, resplendent in new paint and bearing their loads of summer beauty, made a brave and animated picture. Despite the automobile, the ancient and honorable custom of coaching parties seems to continue and even increase in public favor, for yesterday's turnout is the largest on record.

Race week is always a busy one, and the social flutter this year was no exception. Morris Park has had the usurial daily throng of fashion and beauty, and with the ideal summer weather prevailing, the meet has been a very happy and enjoyable one.

The Bible League concluded its labors on Thursday last, and if the "critics" show their head again for some time they are a reckless lot. The attack was general all along the line of "higher criticism," and whether it proved deadly or not the firing was a raking and hot one. "The Groundlessness of the Present Rationalistic Claims," "The Unscientific Character of the Prevailing Higher Criticism, with its Evolutionary Fad or Misdirected Scholarship," are among the illuminating topics discussed, while "treason," "heresy" and the like were frequent and familiar epithets. One speaker toid us that "Herbert Spencer was not a scientific man, but a philosopher." The plan of campaign is to be continued in the form of a dictionary or encyclopedia, which shall hereafter serve as a lamp to the feet of the Bible student and save him from stumbling into the pitfalis of the enemy.

Ignorance Sometimes Profitable.

Ignorance Sometimes Profitable.

MAIL BOAT had gone down with thousands of pounds in gold on board. Divers were employed to recover the treasure if possible, and one of them, after much toil, saw the prize actually before his eyes. But something else was there—boxes of a special shape that he happened to know denoted that they contained dynamite. The diver hesitated about tampering with them. What if they exploded under water? And so he returned to report.

In the meantime another man went down. He was quite ignorant as to what was the appearance of a dynamite box. He clambered over the obstacles without a thought, and he rescued the gold. Five hundred pounds formed his reward, lost to the other ing too much.

Ignorance in some circumstances may

formed his reward, lost to the other diver through the accident of his knowing too much.

Ignorance in some circumstances may thus have its advantages. From the deck of a vessel lying in an Indian harbor the little daughter of a Maharajah fell overboard. "Man a boat!" was the cry. "There's a shark near." Then over the side went a soldier who had been sitting near. He rescued the child, for the great fish disappeared at the splash, and the dusky chieftain made his fortune on the spot. "You are a plucky fellow," said others, crowding around. "We could have done it, only that shark's fin frightened us." The hero hurried to his cabin to change, and to his chum he said: "Shark's fin! Good heavens! I thought that was a piece of drifting wood." Here again it was the man "in the dark" who scored.

Two years ago a certain Russian Ni-hillist was selected by lot to throw a bomb at Count X. The man arrived in the capital, but, unknown to himself, was shadowed by the police, who had been secretly informed of his mission. Nothing, however, was really found out against him, but still one secret service man was not satisfied. In a restaurant one evening the two sat at adjoining tables and soon were conversing. Suddenly the detective asked



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The Latest Dunlop Automobile Tire

is the detachable-edge, Dunlop rim.

The tire is attached to the rim of the wleel by an encircling band of metal with a stout double screw joining its

This device is operated by a smatl steel key, which fits into a series of holes in the screw. By turning the key the ends of the encircling metal band are drawn closer together, affording a secure grip on the case of the outer rim without pinching the increase where twhen the nner rubber tube.

This is the new tire that will revolutionize the Auto



The Dunlop Tire Co. TORONTO

point-blank: "Do you know Count X.?"
"I have not that pleasure," answered the would-be assassin, without moving a muscle. "Well, I am he," said the detective. Then before he knew what he was doing the Nihilist with a knowing smile retorted, "Oh, no, you are not." At once arrested and his lodgings searched, the knowledge that the man had thus unintentionally displayed sent him to Siberia.
"Merchandise to the value of £20,000 in exchange for the right to build a railway." This offer was made by a French syndicate to a certain North African chief. But that ruler happened to be a reader of European newspapers, and in one copy that he possessed was an account of a serious railway accident near Budapest that had been attended by much loss of life. "No, no," said the chief warily, "I understand what your railways are. They wilk kill off all my people, and then you will seize my whole country." So the line went instead through the dominions of a neighboring potentate, who knew nothing of railways, and only wanted

seize my whole country." So the line went instead through the dominions of a neighboring potentate, who knew nothing of railways, and only wanted the consideration that was offered. His villages soon became thriving towns that ere long attracted the total population of the entire region, and the other ruler was ruined.

It is in cases of this sort that a little knowledge is especially dangerous. Not long since a Swiss mountain was being bored through to form a railway tunnel, and one day the men learned from a clerk that the directors had wired to the engineer on the spot, "Keep men satisfied, for no more hands can be sent this winter." Thereupon those men promptly struck for higher wages. Their demand was met, when they again asked for more. Then the engineer struck too, work was stopped, and the men waited. But one day a watchman ran out from the tunnel to say that the sound of boring had reached his ears. And when an Italian engineer stepped through the opening made, those long-idle workmen learned to their disgust that tunneling had all the time been going on also from the other their disgust that tunneling had all th ime been going on also from the other

side. "Not to know," therefore, as we have "Not to know," therefore, as we have "Not to know," therefore, as we have seen, is sometimes a distinct benefit. A trooper who had gained the soldier,'s highest honor was not long back taken to visit a military hospital, and he was much impressed. Leaving the building, he paused and said fervently, "Thank goodness I never came here before!" "Why?" "Because," said the soldier, "if I had known then how one can get knocked about I could never have won my V.C."—"Cassell's."

Break up that cold at Cook's.

The quickest, easiest, most natural way o cure a cold-break it up for good and all-is a Turkish Bath at Cook's.

Cook's system not only sweats out the cold but it fills the system with pure oxygen, and thus fortifies it against a second attack. Cook's Baths have the best ventilating

system in the world-makes the bath doubly effective. Cosy, quiet sleeping-rooms, and a

dainty bill-of-fare. Prices, 6 to 9 p.m., 75c. Before 6 p.m. during the day, or all night, including bed, \$1.00.

Cook's Turkish Baths

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb Births

McConnell—At 7 Murray street, May 11, to Mr. and Mrs. N. McConnell, a son. Barker—May 4, Toronto, Mrs. A. J. Barker, a daughter, Caldecott—May 8, Montreal, Mrs. Fred Caldecott, a daughter. Cowen—May 5, Toronto, Mrs. C. H. Cowen, a daughter. Glascow—May 4, Toronto, Mrs. F. W. Glascow, a son. Glascow, a son.
Griffiths—May 4, Toronto, Mrs. W. A
Griffiths, a son.
Hart—May 8, Toronto, Mrs. J. S. Hart, Griffiths, a son.

Hart-May 8, Toronto, Mrs. J. S. Hart, a son.

Handley-May 4, Toronto, Mrs. R. Handley, a son.

Jackson, May 10, Toronto, Mrs. W. H. Jackson, a daughter.

Moffatt, a daughter, a factorial for the son.

Parker-May 6, Toronto, Mrs. Edward Y. Parker, a son.

Plank-May 7, Lorneville Junction, Mrs. C. A. Plank, a daughter.

Perdue-May 6, Dunnville, Mrs. R. Perdue, a daughter, a daughter.

Stanley-Clarke-May 4, St. Catharines, Mrs. C. H. Stanley-Clarke, a daughter.

Speers, a daughter.

Sullivan-May 9, Toronto, Mrs. A. H. Speers, a daughter.

Sullivan-May 9, Toronto, Mrs. Alan Sullivan, a son.

Marriages

Marriages

Thomas—Ferguson—In New York, on May 7th, at the "Church of the Transfiguration," by the Rev. Dr. Houghton, Jeanle Elinor Ferguson, daughter of Donald Ferguson, Esq., Bradford to Augustus Piper Thomas, Son of M. A. Thomas, Toronto, Eric Georgina Baker to J. Walter Brent. Collins—Wood—May 6, Toronto, W. Wood to F. S. Collins. Dyke—Jones—April 30, Montreal, Caroline S. Jones to Allerthorn Dyke.

Lochead—McLachlan—May 4. Guelph, Jessie Williamson McLachlan to Arthur William Lochead.
Beil—Colby—May 11, Toronto, Otta Elste May Colby to Thomas Beil.
Calderwood—Harrison—May 7, Boston, Justina Alexandria Harrison to Hugh Calderwood.
Cowper—Gaden—May 7, Toronto, Bertha Gaden to Roland G. Cowper.
Ray—Andrews—April 30, Toronto, Kellie Andrews to E. B. Ray.
Weald—Woodward—May 3, Toronto, Edith Annie Woodward to George Weald.
Wissler—Stone—Winchester, Va., Mary E. Stone to Gem Wissler.

Deaths

Anderson—May 7, John Anderson, aged 68
years.
Allan—May 4, Port Dover, Capt. George
F. Allan, aged 73 years.
Boyd—May 8, Toronto, Elizabeth Boyd,
aged 70 years.
Burns—May 8, London, James Burns,
aged 84 years.
Collins—May 8, Woodstock, Francis Collins, aged 75 years.
Creighton—May 5, Toronto, James Creighton, aged 76 years.
Crerar—May 8, Hamilton, John Crerar,
K.C., aged 68 years.
Duggan—May 9, Toronto, Joseph Duggan,
aged 70 years.
Haines—May 5, Toronto, Ed C. Haines,
aged 29 years.
Hamilton—May 7, Brantford, Eliza Hamilton, aged 81 years.
Hatch—May 8, London, Thos. G. Hatch,
aged 46 years.
Jones—May 8, London, Thos. G. Hatch,
aged 69 years.
Jones—May 8, Louisa Ross Jamieson,
aged 82 years.
Carner—May 6, Gravenhurst, Aggie Stewart Garner, aged 22 years.
Gordon—May 8, Ayr, Hannah Monkman
Gordon, aged 66 years.
Grant—May 7, St. Thomas, Christina Anderson-May 7, John Anderson, aged 68



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gress in the manufacture of artistic pianos.

Mr. Gerhard Heintzman has from the very first been in-spired by the highest aims and the belief that Canadians and the belief that Canadians could and would appreciate the best attainable; hence to-day the name Gerhard Heintzman is a synonym and assurance of reliability, and the piano itself a guarantee of its possessors' musical taste and understanding.

Pay by the month if you prefer.

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Tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed form supplied, and signed with the actual signatures of tenderers.

An accepted cheque on a chartered bank, payable to the order of the Honorable the Minister of Public Works, equal to ten per cent. (10 p. c.), of the amount of the tender, must accompany each tender. This cheque will be forfeited if the party tendering decline the contract or fail to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender.

ender.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

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Secretary.

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Grant, aged 74 years.
Graecan—May 9, Toronto, Ann J. Graecan—May 9, Toronto, Ann J. Graecan, aged 79 years.
Lindsay—May 7, Beeton, Ernest Staunton Lindsay, aged 25 years and 8 monthe.
Landon—May 6, London, Abram L. Landon, aged 52 years.
Lumsden—May 3, Newcastle. George Lumsden, aged 77 years.
Leaman—May 6, Toronto, John Leaman, aged 80 years.
Mitchell—May 8, Hamilton, Margaret Dunlop Mitchell, aged 71 years.
Masson—May 8, Woodstock, George Masson, son, aged lil years.
Maguire—May 8, Toronto, Elizabeth Maguire—May 8, Toronto, Elizabeth Maguire—aged 70 years.
McMicking—May 11, Toronto, Elizabeth Ann McMicking—Palm—May 8, Hamilton, William Palm—aged 80 years.
Rose—May 9, Toronto, David Breaken-ridge Read, K.C., aged 80 years.
Rose—May 9, Toronto, Daniel Rose, aged 60 years.
Sweetman — May 10, Toronto, Nellie Sweetman, aged 18 years.
Torrington—May 6, Toronto, Dr. James Torrington—May 8, Guelph, Lucy Hindley Webb, aged 70 years.
Warren—May 10, Acton, John Warren, aged 87 years.
Macdonald—May 6, Toronto, Albert Ernest Macdonald, aged 26 years.
Ryder—May 6, Toronto, Islah Ryder, aged 80 years.

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